

The GRAPHIC

The Friday Morning Club 12w

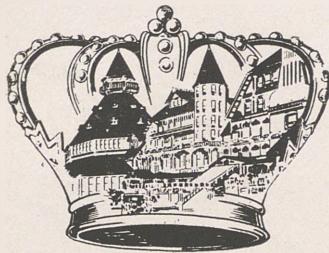
April 10th
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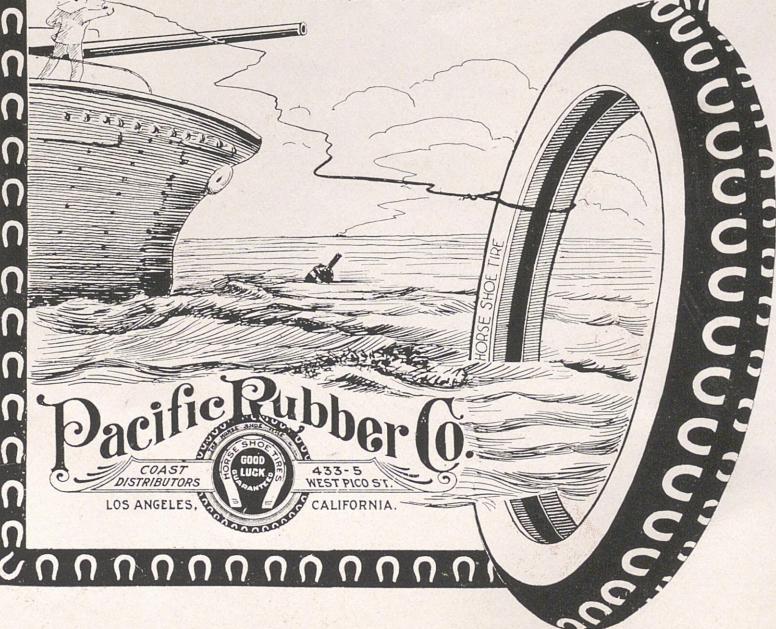
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SOCIAL CALENDAR

Announcements of engagements, births, marriages, entertainments, etc., for the calendar pages are free of charge and should be received in the office of THE GRAPHIC, suite 515, 42 South Broadway. Phones, 10965, or Broadway 6486, not later than four days previous to date of issue. No corrections can be guaranteed if they are received later than that date. Lack of space sometimes makes it necessary to limit the social announcements to the ten days immediately following date of issue.

The public is warned that photographers have no authority to arrange for sittings, free of charge or otherwise, for publication in THE GRAPHIC, unless appointments have been made specifically in writing by this office.

Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes.

ENGAGEMENTS

DOLE—PURVIANCE. Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Dole of 2197 Cambridge street announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Eva Dole, to Lieutenant Byram Sandford Purviance, son of Colonel William E. Purviance of South Kingsley drive, Los Angeles. No definite date has been set as yet for the wedding, which will be in the near future.

RICHARDS—COLLINS. Miss Frances Isabel Richards, daughter of Mrs. Charles Richards of West Adams street to Mr. Victor Ford Collins, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. C. Collins of Pasadena. The marriage will be an event of the early summer.

DRUMMOND—BAER. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison I. Drummond, 312 South Grand avenue, Pasadena, make formal announcement of the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Georgiana Drummond to Ensign Francis Shaw Baer, son of Dr. and Mrs. John Willis Baer of Pasadena. No date has been set for the wedding.

MANNON—STEELHEAD. Formal announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Leona Mannon, daughter of Mrs. O. P. Mannon of Whittier to Mr. Bert F. Steelhead, also of Whittier.

BAUGH—RICHARDS. Mrs. L. C. Baugh of North Lake avenue, Pasadena, formally announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Florence Baugh, to Mr. Roy T. Richards. No date has been named as yet for the wedding.

WEDDINGS

HAMILTON—AUGUR. Miss Gladys Hamilton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hamilton of Oakland, California, and Lieutenant Wayland B. Augur, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Augur of Los Angeles. The marriage took place at Douglas, Arizona, Easter Sunday.

DAGG—PATTEN. Miss Ada M. Dagg and Mr. W. H. Patten of San Diego. The bride's father is a wealthy banker of Winslow, Arizona, and Mr. Patten is connected with the San Diego Chamber of Commerce.

ECKHARD—HALL. Miss Bessie Eckhard of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and Mr. Harvey Hall of Pasadena. The marriage took place Thursday, April 4. Mr. Hall is a member of Battery F, One Hundred and Twenty-fourth field artillery at Camp Cody, New Mexico.

COOMBES—RIDGEWAY. Miss Mabel F. Coombes and Lieutenant James Ridgeway, U. S. N. The marriage was solemnized at the First Baptist church in Pasadena, Tuesday, April 2. Both Lieutenant Ridgeway and his bride are from Washington, D. C. They left a day or two after their wedding for Guam where Lieutenant Ridgeway had been ordered for service at the naval hospital.

TAYLOR—MARSII. Miss Bertha Taylor and Mr. Victor Marsh. The marriage took place Tuesday afternoon,

April 2, at Pasadena, with Father W. F. Quinlan of St. Andrew's Church officiating.

ROGERS—KILDUFF. Miss Kathleen Rogers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Rogers of Hollywood and Lieutenant David R. Kilduff, first lieutenant of a marine corps of Washington.

BERRY—THORNBURG. Miss Leila Berry of Berkeley and Lieutenant Max Weston Thorneburg, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Thorneburg of Long Beach. The marriage took place at Iglo farm, an old plantation near Lynchburg, Virginia.

ORTH—LEE. Miss Margaret Orth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Orth, and Dr. A. Baruch Lee, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Lee, both of Los Angeles. The marriage took place Tuesday afternoon, March 26, at the home of the bride's parents, 1325 Maryland street.

FRASER—WALKER. Miss Mary Gertrude Fraser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Fraser of Canada, and Mr. William Moore Walker, son of Dr. and Mrs. Hugh K. Walker of Menlo avenue, Los Angeles. The marriage was solemnized at the home of the bridegroom's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Hugh K. Walker, with Dr. Walker performing the ceremony.

DARLING—WADE. Miss Isabelle Darling and Mr. Charles J. Wade, both of Hollywood. The marriage was celebrated at St. Stephen's Church in Hollywood with the Rev. J. Arthur Evans officiating.

HALL—HODGIN. Miss Alice Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hall of Pasadena and Mr. Guy Hodgin. The marriage was solemnized Easter Sunday at All Saints Episcopal Church in Pasadena. After a short honeymoon trip Mr. Hodgin and his bride will be at home to their friends at 22 Reinway, Pasadena.

DORR—GARNER. Miss Celeste Dorr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Dorr of Denver and Lieutenant John L. Garner, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Lake Garner of West Adams street, Los Angeles. The wedding took place in Wabon, Mass., Thursday, April 4.

ADNEY—CONNOLLY. Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Adney of Pasadena announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Dorothy Adney, to Mr. William Connolly. Mr. Connolly is a member of the Aviation branch of the Army, stationed in San Diego, where the young couple will make their home for the present.

LEWIS—CHANCELLOR. Mrs. Thorne Lewis and Major Phillips S. Chancellor. The wedding took place at All Saints by the Sea in Santa Barbara, Wednesday, April 3.

ROBERTSON—YOUNG. Miss Mary Allen Robertson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom P. Robertson of West Adams street and Mr. Clarence Upson Young, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young of Hollywood. The marriage was a quiet affair of Wednesday, March 27.

PORTER—THOMASON. Miss Ora Porter, daughter of Mrs. Marie Porter of Redlands to Captain Ira L. Thomason, formerly of Redlands, but now of Palo Alto. The wedding took place a fortnight ago. Mr. and Mrs. Thomason will reside temporarily in Palo Alto.

ARMSTRONG—MOORHEAD. Miss Helen Armstrong, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Armstrong of Alhambra and Mr. Edward W. Moorhead. The marriage was celebrated Thursday evening, March 28 in the First Presbyterian church in Alhambra with the Rev. H. T. Chisholm officiating.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert J. Green of So. Vermont avenue are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a little daughter, Monday, April 1. Mrs. Green will be remembered as Miss Marian Siegel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Myer Siegel.

Steinway Pianos begin at \$575--and can be purchased on whatever terms you desire. Liberal allowance will be made for your old piano.



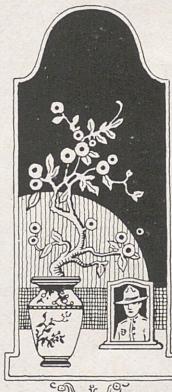
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BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. Jenkins are receiving congratulations over the arrival of a small son, who made his debut into their home, Monday, March 18.

RECEPTIONS, DANCES, ETC.

Tuesday, April 16. For the benefit of the Elks at various training camps a card party will be given, Tuesday, April 16, at the Elks home, under the auspices of the Ladies of Elks Cheer and Comfort society. An elaborate program is being arranged.

April 12. Afternoon. Card Party preceded by a short musical program at Friday Morning Club.

April 12. Red Cross Sale all day at Friday Morning Club.

April 19. Harmonia Club presents "An Old Fashioned Bouquet." Informal dancing after the program.

April 26. Afternoon. Hamburger's Fairyland Entertainment at Friday Morning Club.

GOLF

January 1 to April 1. Coronado Country Club Under handicap. Weekly competition for bona fide guests of Hotel del Coronado. Silver cup to winner of each weekly competition.

April 10-13. Third Annual April Invitation Tournament, Asheville Country Club.

ART

April 4-8. Second Spring Exhibition of the California Art Club will be held in the main gallery of the Museum of History, Science and Art at Exposition Park.

The collection of paintings donated by Mr. and Mrs. William Preston Harrison will be hung in the rotunda of the Museum at Exposition Park.

March 22-May 22. Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association in the Palace of Fine Arts.

MUSIC

April 11. Cecil Fanning, American baritone, at Trinity Auditorium.

April 12. Friday evening. Sergt. "Doc" Wells will lecture on "A Voice From the Front" at Trinity Auditorium.

April 12. L. A. Symphony Orchestra at Clune's Auditorium. Axel Simonsen and Estelle Heartt Dreyfus, soloists.

April 13. Chamber Music Society of San Francisco will give a concert at Trinity Auditorium.

April 16. Ellis Club at Trinity Auditorium.

April 18. Mischa Elman at Trinity Auditorium.

April 20. Saturday matinee. Mischa Elman at Trinity Auditorium.

April 25. Arthur Alexander, tenor, at Blanchard Hall.

May 14. Tuesday evening. Galli-Curci at Shrine Auditorium.

May 17. Friday afternoon. Galli-Curci at Shrine Auditorium.

CLUBS

April 12. Recital by Mme. Eugenia Argiewica-Bem for members only of the Friday Morning Club.

April 19. William Bennet Munro, Ph. D., will speak on "Why Democracy is Worth Fighting For" at the Friday Morning Club.

April 26. August Vollmer will speak on "Police Service, Standards and Training" at the Friday Morning Club.

EEELL CLUB—April 15, Musicale, with Mary Gowans, Contralto; James Hamilton Todd, Jr., violin; Gertrude Ross, piano.

MIDWICK COUNTRY CLUB—Club Cup every Saturday afternoon; Ball Sweepstakes every Wednesday afternoon.

MISCELLANEOUS

April 29-May 11. Textile Exposition, Grand Central Palace.

June 1-8. National Music Show, Grand Central Palace.



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The Graphic

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No. 8

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Publishers' Announcement

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THE GRAPHIC is published on the 1st, 10th and 20th of every month
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The Voice in the Silence—by Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

The Kasidah—by Sir Richard Burton.

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

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The Poetical Works of Oscar Wilde.

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The Graphic

SETTING FORTH THE TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



G. Edwin Williams

Mrs. CHARLES H. SHARP

PROMINENT AMONG THE LOS ANGELES SOCIETY WOMEN WHO ARE DEVOTING THEIR TIME TO RED CROSS AND OTHER PATRIOTIC WAR RELIEF ACTIVITIES. MRS. SHARP IS ONE OF THE EARNEST CORPS OF WOMEN WHO ARE CARRYING ON THE WORK AT THE ALVARADO STREET CHAPTER HOUSE



EDITORIAL COMMENT

CONGRESSMAN KAHN of California, Republican member of the House Military Affairs Committee, is one man in Washington who is not afraid "to speak out in meeting." He has introduced a resolution making military and naval bills preferred legislation during the rest of the pending Session; and, in connection with this, has declared that the United States must at once begin to send an army of eight million men to France. There was never any truer or more vital statement made concerning this war. The German policy in the present war is to win next time. When Germany sees that she is beaten in the war now raging, she will never let her country be devastated as Belgium and France have been, but will take the best peace terms she can get, and make ready for another war in about twenty-five years from now. The only thing which will prevent a repetition of a second world-slaughter will be a combination between the United States, Great Britain, France and Italy of such overpowering strength that Germany will realize the absolute hopelessness of again attempting to dominate the universe. Congressman Kahn is right in the sense of immediate necessity, and he is right in the sense of coming events. Germany's land power and sea-power must be reduced to a minimum. To leave the sword in her hand is to risk being stabbed in the back treacherously, and at any moment. We need the force named by the Congressman to end this war safely for ourselves, for our children, and for our children's children; we need it to brand indelibly on the Cain-like forehead of Prussianism that the United States is not only in the present fight to stay, but always to the fore in the struggle for world-liberty. Eternal vigilance is the price of that boon. And forced by the menace which has already bathed the altar of freedom in the blood of millions, the United States must in future be prepared with armies, ships, and air-ships to assert her might as a military power. Better a standing army that protects us, than a standing army which has enslaved us. More power, then, to the efforts of Congressman Kahn. California should be proud of him, irrespective of politics, as a man who sees clearly, acts promptly, and who dares to tell the truth.

FLY THE FLAG! Why are the streets, buildings, windows and homes of Los Angeles so bare of the National Banner? It is the flag which has made the Republic what it is today, and it is the emblem under which we are today fighting for our own and the world's liberty. Every little red school-house in the country districts sees its folds waving above the school-children; every cross-roads settlement breaks into red, white, and blue greetings to the morning breezes. The cities, and not the country should lead in this expression of patriotism. Let every business house in Los Angeles, every residence, every office building, and every vantage-point blaze into a world-heralding that the American spirit is thoroughly aroused, and that we are united in our devotion to our country's banner. Let every visitor to the city feel this; every returned soldier coming home from the fiery furnace where this flag leads Americans forward to fight for freedom. Let it be a lesson to the young, and an inspiration for the old. Nail it to your window-sashes and keep its sacred memories in your hearts. Fly the flag! And keep it flying.

IT IS CURIOUS to note how unstable so-called political lines become in an extreme crisis. There is a certain get-together instinct in both men and beasts in time of great peril, and this has been shown time and again since the beginning of the war. The Socialist and German vote in the Wisconsin election cut very little figure in the polling strength, notwithstanding the loud pre-election claims of the German-Socialistic candidate, Victor Berger. The Republican support accorded President Wilson in Congress, from the very commencement, has been another evidence of this fact. When a fire starts, we are all neighbors.

CONVERSATION is practically a lost art nowadays. The reason for this is that men and women no longer talk with each other. The lamps no longer shine o'er bright women and bright men engaged in converse. In the women's clubs the women congregate and talk everything over which they are interested in, and in the men's clubs the same programme is followed. The old-time custom of women taking a part in consultation in matters of politics, art, literature and science has been relegated to the "scrap-heap" so far as their bringing men into the circle of conversation is concerned. Men and women in the home talk mainly the small-talk of neighborhood gossip, domestic affairs, and possibly the latest play. But the sexes have drifted apart so far as the mutual exchange of intellectual ideas is considered, and therein and thereby lies the loss of conversation as an art in these later days.

THE THIRD LIBERTY Loan parade was one of impressiveness. Not only as regards those actually in the ranks, but as to the packed sidewalks, the flags displayed, and the intense enthusiasm shown by the men, women, and children who struggled to reach a vantage-point where they could see the ranks go by. It was an object lesson to both friends and foes to note the presence of old men whose hats were lifted as the National emblem showed its bright colors, and it quickened the pulse of every true-blue American to see it wave.

FLAGS OF THREE NATIONS

On the plains of France in the April sun
 Three banners floated free,
 One from the coigns of Albion's cliff's
 And one from over sea;
 And one from the walls of Paris waved
 Aloft in the battle-wreck,
 The Stars and Stripes and the Flag of France
 And the British Union Jack.

 In the curling wraiths of sulphurous smoke
 They towered, side by side;
 The emblem proud of the fighting States
 And England's hope and pride;
 The oriflamme of the gallant French
 Borne by in fierce attack,
 The Stars and Stripes and the Flag of France
 And the British Union Jack.

 Three flags of the Nations staunch and free
 Linked fast for Freedom's sake,
 And high in the air they curved and stream'd
 With the armies in their wake;
 Like flaming stars of liberty
 Mid the rolling war-clouds black,
 The Stars and Stripes and the Flag of France
 And the British Union Jack.

 The gathering years will flash and fade
 But not their faith sublime;
 The signal bright of a Trinity
 That is welded for all time;
 Where the ties of brotherhood were sealed
 With slavery beaten back,
 The Stars and Stripes and the Flag of France
 And the British Union Jack.

BY THE WAY

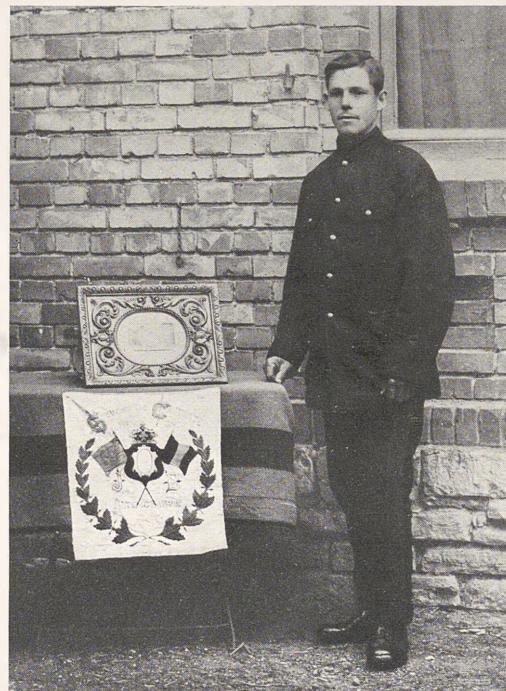
"I HAVE been a prisoner of war now eighteen months, and the time seems very long." So writes Arthur Bristow, Fourth Canadian Mounted Rifles, now a British prisoner of war No. 19429, Kompany No. 1, Barrack 26 B, Quedlinburg, at Hartz, Germany. The letter, containing such a world of pathos in one brief line, was received recently by a Los Angeles woman, but the missive, like all others sent out by prisoners at the German camps, had evidently been censored with care, and the nearest approach to a complaint is its expression of gratitude for much needed food and clothing sent from here. The prisoner enjoyed one special privilege very rarely accorded to allied men held by the enemy—that of sending with his letter a postcard photograph of himself. Young Bristow is but one of many who have benefited through the Canadian Prisoners of War Fund, and in this connection it is interesting to note that during the past year the local branch has sent to England for use in this manner, \$1075.40. Miss C. C. Cameron and Miss Geraldine Mortimer are chairman and treasurer, respectively, of the Los Angeles fund. Miss Mortimer, it will be remembered, is a daughter of the British Consul Mortimer, and she is particularly closely in touch with the present needs of English and Canadian soldiers. It is claimed that prisoners escaping from German camps and finding their way back to Canada are unanimous in declaring they would have starved had it not been for the parcels provided by this fund, since the meager supply of food permitted to these camps is in many cases unfit for human use. Lieut. Col. the Earl of Dunsmore, V. C., D. S. O.; Major Blith, D. S. O., and others having experience with conditions at the front, state that sufficient of the relief fund supplies get through to justify the effort in sending, and these men have urged renewed energy on the part of women now devoting their time to this work, the need becoming more acute, as the war progresses. Contributions should be forwarded to Miss Mortimer, treasurer, 1929 S. Grand Avenue. Phone 20959.

ONE FAMILY'S RECORD

THE presence in Los Angeles of Herbert Howard, who came down from Camp Lewis on a brief Easter furlough to visit his mother, brings vividly to mind war's effectiveness in the disruption of normal life plans even upon the favored western coast. Volney Howard, who a few years ago, married Miss Hazel Monson of San Francisco, is now an ensign serving his country somewhere in the Mediterranean, while Mrs. Howard, accompanied by their small sons, Volney, Jr., and John, are with her people in the North, pending his return. Arthur Howard, another brother, whose interest in a large sugar plantation in Hawaii has for some time kept him much in the island, is now being refused the privilege of enlistment because, as a producer of sugar, he is of more value to his country than he could be bearing arms. He is chafing at the bits," and having joined the home guards of the island, declares he will persevere in an effort to enter the service. Norwood Howard, the other member of this well known and popular family quartette, has been left here to "keep the home fires burning," and is looking after parental interests in order that his brothers may otherwise serve the nation's cause. The Howard boys are brothers of Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, and it will be recalled that their fair cousin, Mrs. Samuel Brown Thomas, formerly Miss Grace Mellus, is among the most ardent of the local Red Cross workers.



G. Edwin Williams
MISS GERALDINE MORTIMER
Treasurer of the Canadian Prisoners of War Fund



PRIVATE ARTHUR BRISTOW
Now a Prisoner of War in Germany

AMATUER PLAYER PRESIDENT DURING the absence of their president, Mrs. John Persival Jones, now in the South, the Amateur Players are following the leadership of their gifted vice-president, Mrs. Horace Wing, and plans are being made for the presentation of two plays in the course of the present month. Meantime Mrs. Jones, whose need for rest necessitated her temporary withdrawal from local activities, has been enjoying a most delightful visit in the southern states. Many motor trips have been taken, Charleston, Jacksonville and other cities being in the line of her travels, while she has passed some time at Augusta, Georgia, as a guest in the home of George Stearns, brother-in-law to her son's wife, Mrs. Roy Jones. It is understood she has just left Augusta for Richmond, where she is to visit Mr. and Mrs. Samuel T. Clover before going to New York to meet her granddaughter, Miss Dorothy Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jones, who graduates in June from Radcliffe. She will return home by way of San Francisco, and will probably reach here in the early summer.

SOME MODEST DONORS

SELF-SACRIFICE without any apparent wish to receive recognition for their generosity, seems to inspire many who are giving of their most valuable possessions to aid in winning the war. One of the latest incidents illustrative of this point was the receipt by Mrs. Homer Laughlin, chairman of the Red Cross Shop jewelry committee, of a diamond and platinum necklace, sent in a few days ago without any mark, whatever, to tell from whom or whence it came—only a request that it be sold for the benefit of the relief work. And this is only one of many such gifts, each believed to represent to the donor, some memory, priceless from a monetary standpoint. But if they are tokens, the value of which cannot be estimated in gold, they are not, therefore, too costly to be laid as free-will offerings upon the altar of America for the cause of world Democracy.

LIEUTENANT OVERTON WALSH

MRS. Frank Walsh, who has just concluded a visit to her sister, Mrs. Edgar A. Jones of San Francisco, went north partly to be with her son, Lieut. Overton Walsh, who was down from Camp Lewis for a little rest. It is not long since the young lieutenant recovered from the results of being kicked by a horse at the training camp, the injury having kept him for some time in the hospital. He is, however, an enthusiastic soldier, and in taking up military life is fulfilling a dream that dates back into his childhood. He graduated from the Culver Military School before taking his course at the University of California, and was ready for the officers training camp at American Lake when it first became apparent that Uncle Sam would require the active services of his young men, and was training men and horses at the camp when he received the injury that for a time disabled him.

HOW TO SURPRISE A PIANIST

MANY of the stories about artists touch their generosity—how they gave money and aid to others. There is one notable exception and that is of Paganini giving 20,000 francs to Berlioz. Los Angeles can supply another—if we are to let a feline escape from a sack. It seems Desider Vecsei, the pianist, was admiring a grand piano in the home of a wealthy patron of musical art, when to his astonishment, the lady said, "If you really like the piano, I will have it sent to your rooms with my compliments." The surprised pianist was too stunned to decline.

BY THE WAY

FIRST Lieutenant Eric Wellington, a son of Mrs. John A. Wellington of New Orleans, Louisiana, and a nephew of Ex-U. S. Senator Louis Wellington of Maryland, is now on service in California.

Lieutenant Wellington was graduated, with high honors, last June, from Tulane University, Louisiana, after completing a course in structural engineering. Immediately after graduation he made application for admission to the Officers' Training Camp at Ft. Winfield Scott, was accepted, and upon completion of training received a commission as First Lieutenant in the Coast Artillery. Lieutenant Wellington is now stationed at Ft. McArthur, San Pedro. Mrs. Wellington is at present in Los Angeles visiting Mrs. Champ S. Vance of 740 S. Alvarado St. Mrs. Vance and Mrs. Wellington have been friends since girlhood. The Lieutenant is one of the most popular young men in New Orleans, and has always taken a keen interest in matters military. His many friends in the Southern city predict that Uncle Sam will find in him an officer who can be depended upon to live up to the best traditions of Southern manhood.

RARELY MUSICAL CLERGYMAN

An interesting and interested figure at the leading musical events of Los Angeles, especially at the best operatic performances that come this way, is Father Joseph Tonello, who is associated with Saint Vincent's church. Father Tonello has a fund of information concerning the operatic repertoire such as a professional musician might envy, and of late he has evoked his muse, both poetic and musical, for the benefit of the orphans of his native Italy. He has published a patriotic musical and dramatic sketch, which may be used as a duet for soprano and alto, or may be presented in more extended form in costume, as it has a unison female chorus. The two voices represent America and the Spirit of Humanity. The text is full of patriotic spirit and the music is such as does not need an operatic training to sing. Father Tonello gives the proceeds from the sale of his music to the Italian War Orphans—he is thus putting his music-love to practical and humanitarian use.

"A COLORED SUPPLEMENT"

THERE is no danger of a "race riot" over in one of the Wilshire's fashionable districts if the youthful members of the coming generation have their way about it. Kipling may herald in prose and poesy that "East is East and West is West," and we may all believe that "black is black and white is white," but there is one group of prominent families in Los Angeles which has given up trying to instill these ideas of racial distinction in the minds of their small daughters. A few days ago it happened that one of these little lassies, as delicately winsome as a wee white rosebud, returning home from school, came eagerly into the room where her mother was. "Mother," she said gravely, "I've brought home a little girl to play with me." Guardful of her daughter's associates, the mother went out to meet the new companion. There, black as the ace of spades and smiling a row of white teeth into broad view, stood a little pickinny, dressed immaculately in a school pinafore. At a loss as to what she should do, the mother finally edged her small daughter off to one side to query, "Margery, do you play with that little black girl at school?" "Why, yes, Mother, we all do," was the disconcerting answer, followed by "Her face may be black, Mother, but her soul is white," uttered in a childish tone of grave reproof. Later the two were joined by a neighboring playmate of Margery, and it was only by an ingenious bit of diplomacy of the mother that the trio of oddly assorted little maids was deterred from playing "postoffice," which game they, for some strange reason, had selected for their pastime.



G. Edwin Williams

FIRST LIEUTENANT ERIC WELLINGTON

CONCRETE SHIP-BUILDING AT LOS ANGELES

THE Emergency Fleet Corporation of The United States Shipping Board having decided to build concrete ships, and having already awarded contracts for the construction of 10 of these vessels to a local combination, particulars as to this plan of ship-building are of vital interest to Southern California. Labor, climate, cement, rock and sand, water for mixing purposes, cheap electric power, adequate lumber supply for frames, etc., and plenty of building sites combine to make Los Angeles a remarkably favored point for such an industry. Not only will such ships be built at a cost of about one-third less than steel or wooden ships, but they can be built quicker. Both during and after the war this method of construction is likely to assume immense proportions, and there is every reason to urge Los Angeles as a specially favored location for concrete ship-building.

MORE OPPORTUNITIES FOR AGRICULTURE

CONGRESSMAN H. Z. Osborne has advised The Chamber of Commerce that the Government has placed contracts for many hundreds of tons of dehydrated potatoes in Oregon, Washington and California. Dehydrated vegetables are now being advertised in Los Angeles, and the opportunity for producing dehydrated and dessicated vegetables here in Los Angeles County is unsurpassed. Such vegetables and fruit, also, are not affected by cold or heat when properly packed, and require only about one-hundredth as much packing space. As war rations, they have been used by the British and French Governments for four years. The raw material is here in abundance, and is an all-year product, and the facilities for dehydrating combine a cheapness and perfection second to no locality in The United States.

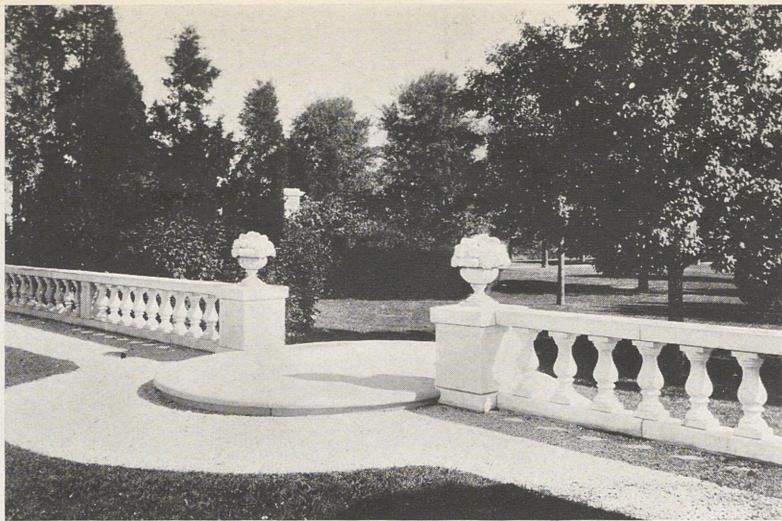
NAVAL OFFICER FROM WASHINGTON

CAPTAIN Charles Harlow, U. S. N., who, accompanied by Mrs. Harlow, came on from Washington, D. C., not long ago, to reside temporarily in Los Angeles, is holding himself in readiness to answer his country's call whenever his services are needed. Although he was long ago retired, this does not mean that he has resigned, and he is even anxious to be useful at this time of great national need. Captain and Mrs. Harlow have just taken the Stuart O'Melveny house, 427 Serrano avenue, Mrs. Harlow pre-

ferring to be among old friends here, in case her husband is called to the front. Following their arrival in Los Angeles some time ago they went to Santa Barbara, but returned to be the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan, pending the evacuation of the O'Melveny home. As Mrs. Walter Newhall, Mrs. Harlow some ten years ago, was one of the most attractive matrons of Southern California society. Mr. Newhall, it will be remembered, was at one time president of the California Club, and it was during his term of office that he suddenly expired while on a trip abroad. To his widow was left the beautiful estate in Chester Place, now owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. James A. Adams, although the property formerly extended quite through to Twenty-third Street. Much of it was absorbed by E. L. Doheny, who opened on one section his far-famed deer park. It was seven years ago that Captain Harlow, then in command of the California, visited Los Angeles on official business and incidentally met the charming woman who little more than a month later, became his wife. Most of their time since then has been passed in Washington, D. C., where they own a splendid residence. Mrs. Harlow's many friends in the city will be glad of the opportunity of again meeting her, and renewing old associations. Her presence here will be a source of keen gratification to them.



The Pipes of Pan, Bronze and Marble Fountain



A Peaceful Garden on Long Island



A Rose Garden Gateway in New York State

AN EASTERN ARTIST IN CALIFORNIA

By JO NEELY

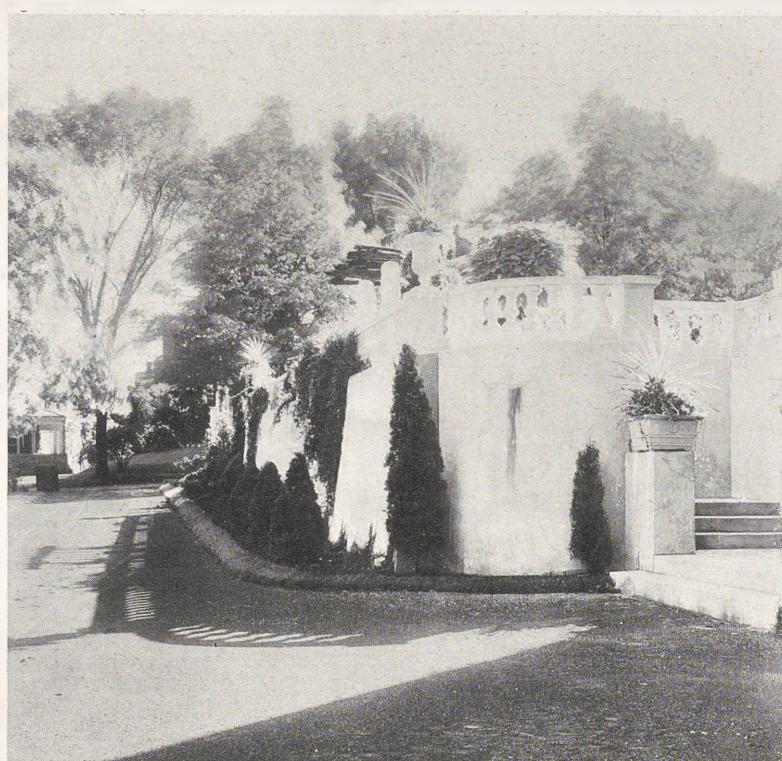


IT is probably because of the thoughtful impetus of these terrible but wonderful times that we are more and more impressed by the fact that pure simplicity of soul and true simplicity of manner, invariably accompany *big* minds, and worth while attainments. This was most forcibly borne in upon me a few days since during a delightful and all too brief chat with Mr. Francis Howard, of New York, he of international fame in the art world, who is just now having his first view of *The West*.

Mr. Howard is a God made artist—an artist of Life—a poet artist, I think he might be styled, seeing beauty, creating beauty, living beauty, and his avenue of expression, his specific art is—Garden Architecture. Coming from the world of sophistication, having lived much in Europe and the Orient, and making his home in the

effete East, he has found our western country a new and undreamed of land, and has struck the real note most marvelously—"You want my opinion of Los Angeles?" (I had, of course, put the stereotyped query). "Let me tell you first of my impressions while coming to it. I had been warned by many friends who had made the journey that there was a desert to be crossed en route, and that it held untold and untellable terrors. That I should beware the Desert as 'The Ides of March'—car windows should be closed, curtains drawn close, every possible means of protection was suggested, I think, save, perhaps, the wearing of an amulet, and when quite early in the morning it burst upon my view, I was overwhelmed by the majesty of vastness, the atmosphere of antiquity. The great rolling masses of grey monotone in the foreground and in the distance, forming a background, for a stupendous riot of brilliant yellows and browns, purples and reds. The mountains seemed to be islands rising from vanished seas, and I fancied I saw large groups of Bedouins on picturesquely caparisoned Arab horses dashing across the plains. I—well, I simply loved it *all*, and it filled my mind with imaginings. I thought I were dead. Arriving through the dust at the little city of San Bernardino, which greeted me with its great flanks of royal palms brought another thrill. Suggesting—it sounds a far cry—Cortez, the great conqueror (being fresh in my mind from a recent reading of the 'Conquest of Mexico') as a historic comparison of the conquering of this great desert by the hardy valiant pioneers. Then came the orange groves

with their beautiful wealth of gold and shimmering green—and then on to the city of which you ask—Your City of the Angels—and I was struck first with the happy atmosphere. It was as gay as Naples, and as clean as Genoa, my two favorite European cities. The shops glittered with beauty, the markets were large and open. There was a freeness—an all embracing hospitality, a kindness of spirit. I almost felt silently invited to gather up some of the many accessible commodities so fearlessly presented for possible possessorship. Fancy what this meant to one coming directly from the sad grey fogs of the great cold East. Since then I seem to have been in a sort of dream. Wondrous fragrant beauty is in the air and blooms beneath the feet. I have almost feared to shut it from my vision for an instant, feeling that it would vanish from my sight. I have had a childish fancy that I wanted to clutch the flowers and hold them down; it has all seemed almost too beautiful to be true. "I think, however, he said gravely (his countenance flashes quickly from grave to gay) "I think your people need courage—courage to tackle the hills, for they are so wonderful in their possibilities. Such hills were made for villas. Italy has nothing more beautiful than those which might so easily be made to dignify the hills of this fair land, and the gardens (there should *never* be a home without a garden) could be made paradisial. Le Gallienne says "When man needs just one word to express in rich and poignant symbol his sense of accumulated beauty and blessedness, his first thought is of a garden"—and I think, that a house without a garden is like a body without a soul—but make it a beautiful garden—the gardens here seem to lack form. I know there is a prejudice against formal gardens, but formal does not mean, and should not suggest, a stiff garden. Nature as well as art has definite form and we sometimes take liberties with her. We forget the vista, which is the first and most sacred thing to be considered, and in our efforts to produce beautiful "careless" effects we become conglomerate as to results. Nature has been so prodigal in her wondrous gifts to this West-land that it should be a blaze of glory and a triumph of grace. I wish they would utilize the golden sunshine, and I wish they would utilize the soft gray shade. Since I have been here I have seen only five trees trimmed as they should be, to give proper contrast against the evening sky, and yet there are wonderful trees. I feel profoundly that this country may be the cradle of the Renaissance of a new artistic age. This place is as big as Italy; we have not the Medici, nor the Doges of Venice, nor yet the petty tyrants of those times, but similar conditions exist mentally as existed in the sixteenth century when Italy came in contact through its intellectual and commercial development with the Orient. The aftermath of the war will, I think, prove the truth of this. The virility of our new and conglomerate race is made up of the



A Hillside Garden in New Jersey

(Continued on page 27)

A NOTABLE GIFT TO LOS ANGELES

By ROLAND JOHNSTONE

WHEN Mr. William Preston Harrison and his wife, Ada M. Harrison, gave to the Museum of History, Science, and Art of Los Angeles, a collection of 28 paintings by well-known and, in some instances famous contemporary artists, they were making history which it is to be hoped will "repeat itself" in years to come. Despite Mr. Harrison's modest declaration that "it is the gift, not the giver that counts," the two are inseparable. And the example set by a comparative stranger is one which will surely appeal, in days hereafter, to those who claim California as their native State.

"Back of the sound broods
the silence, back of the
gift stands the giving,
Back of the hand that re-
ceives, thrill the sensi-
tive nerves of receiv-
ing."

And that this generous and kindly-worded presentation was most keenly appreciated by the officers of the Museum was evidenced by the manner of its reception.

Perhaps no element of education has such a lasting effect—at least, just at present—as that which is furnished by means of pictures. When you come to think of it, we are in the pictorial age, the age of appeal to the eye. This phase of illustrative civilization, the era of painting, decorating, and visual appeal generally, seems to run in cycles, and just now it is at the crest of a wave. True, there is often a fantastic, a grotesque angle to it, but that is merely incidental to the movement.

The paintings given by Mr. Harrison and his wife have a history. With the exception of "Moonlight, walls of Tangiers," the work of Henry O. Tanner, every picture was purchased in the studios of the different artists. Take the mere list itself, and see what this means. "The Coming Storm," by George Bellows, N. A. "Afternoon in September," by Frank W. Benson, N. A. "Indian Bronchos," by Oscar E. Berninghaus. "The Road to Piang, Corsica," by Jerome Blum. "The Gossipers," and "Juanita of Taos Pueblo," by Ernest L. Blumenschein, A. N. A. "The Lone Fisherman," by William M. Chase, N. A. "In Summerland," by Charles H. Davis, N. A. "Mid the Litchfield Hills," by Ben Foster, N. A. "On the Banks of the Seine," by Alexis Fournier. "The Chateau," by Frederick C. Frieseke, N. A. "Pueblo of Taos," by W. Victor Higgins. "Gray Day at Monhegan," by Wilson Irvine. "Broadway and 42nd Street, New York," by A. Leon Kroll. "Landing Fish at Gloucester," by Hayley Lever. "Little House in Edgmond, Holland," by Gari Melchers, N. A. "The Masqueraders," by Lawton Parker, A. N. A. "The Bluff," by F. C. Peyraud. "Market Day Grand Socco" and "Les Curieuses," by Grace Ravlin. "Carmel-by-the-Sea and Point Lobos," by William Ritschel, N. A. "The Brook and New England Farm-Houses," by Gardner Symons, N. A. "Moonlight, walls of Tangiers," by Henry O. Tanner, A. N. A. "Isleta Belle," by Walter Ufer. "Lure of the Fields," by Robert Vonnoh, N. A. "October Morning," by Frank A. Werner. "Fifth Avenue at the Library," by Guy C. Wiggins, A. N. A., and "The Incoming Tide," by Cullen Yates, A. N. A., and it will be seen what an infinite variety, and cosmopolitan selections of subjects have been gathered together, and what a splendid list of artists are represented.

And the selection of these pictures meant many hours of studious and loving care and weighing of artistic values and beauties on the part of the donors. It is one thing to buy casually a picture at an exhibit, and then send it to an art collection as a present, much as one might buy a porterhouse steak to be handed in, at the rear entrance, to the cook. It is another thing to linger long and critically over an artist's efforts, and select, finally, the picture that means the most to the purchaser—that goes straight to the heart of his or her ideal of beauty. And still another, and a much more vital thing when a collection gathered together with such joy and mutual pleasure is given, absolutely, to a gallery for the delight of generations to come.

Mr. Harrison and his wife are lovers of the beautiful; lovers of paintings, books, sculpture, and all that appeals to the intellectual and the artistic. And in turning over unreservedly to the Museum the treasures they



WILLIAM PRESTON HARRISON



MRS. ADA M. HARRISON

have accumulated, they have given not only of the artists, but of themselves. And, too, they have brought with their gift the souls and the dreams of the men and women who have created these pictures. And looking on these beautiful visions of nature and human nature, of sea and sky, and streets, faces, — all the myriad phases presented by these canvases, you are somehow reminded that the spaces beside you are thronged (though invisibly) with the forms of the artists, also.

Mr. Harrison and his wife hope to add to this collection each year, if possible, a picture at a time. It is intended to keep up the present high standard of the room, and, whenever possible, to even occasionally contribute a painting equal to the very finest of the present ones.

As one of a group of Chicagoans who have for many years been quietly and yet enthusiastically encouraging art for art's sake, and seconded and encouraged by his wife in this respect, Mr. Harrison has given an example of what may be done here in America for the study and enjoyment of the beautiful.

The rising generation has need of good pictures to look at and ponder over. The Good Book says, "be sure thy sins will find thee out." And particularly and most poignantly are we punished in this respect by the fact that God permits the colored "comic" supplements in the Sunday newspapers. As an antidote to these monstrosities, paintings of beauty and character, hung in the Museums and Art Galleries of our city, will have a lasting and uplifting effect. Long and long after the years have registered the initial anniversary of this gift, the influence of it will remain as fresh and as fragrant as the grass and flowers that come with accompanying seasons. It was sympathetically and unobtrusively offered, appreciatively received and acknowledged, and, it is to be sincerely hoped, will be followed by similar thoughtfulness on the part of others whose will and ability may impel them to leave additional mementos of a like nature to the galleries and museums of the city.

THE PRUSSIAN ALPHABET

A is for Autocrat, iron of hand
B is for Boche, who lays waste every land.
C is for Cruelty nameless and dire
D for Destruction, by steel and by fire.
E is the Emperor, branded like Cain
F is for Fraud, both in heart and in brain.
G is for Gore, where he spatters the sod
H is for Hate, which he made as his God.
I is Injustice, his sinister creed
J is for Jackal, his Prussianized breed,
K is for Kultur, that Upas-tree seed.
L is for Lust with its harvest of rape
M is for Murder, in grisliest shape.
N is for Nietsche, that child of the Devil
O is for Orgies where savages revel.
P is for Poison to scatter in wells
Q is for Quibbles his Chancellor spells.
R is for Ruin he spreads with elation
S is the Shame he has earned for his Nation.
T is for Trietschke, a hog in a wallow
U is for Ueber, (but Alles don't follow).
V is for Victims by gas overpowered
W is Willie, Crown-Prince and arch-coward.
X is for Xanthic, since Yellow's his blight
Y is for Yoke, if we fail in the fight,
And Z is for Zeppelin, his child-killing kite.

John Smith

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH

By LENORA H. KING

IN "Hearts of the World," David Wark Griffith has written a great photoplay—one which doubtless will live as part of the age's most appalling epoch. But why is the play great? The author has shown much of war's fearful cruelty, but it takes more than battle-smoke for the building of a masterpiece such as "Hearts of the World." Not knowing Mr. Griffith, the man—one is prone to wonder

"What art is his, the written spell to find,
That sways from mood to mood, the willing mind?"

A friendly chat as we watched the appreciative crowds wend their way out of Clune's Auditorium after a matinee, the other day, revealed in a glimpse of the man's personality, the secret of his success—the reason why he has been able in this latest play, as in "The Birth of a Nation," to touch the well-springs of human nature and arouse throughout large audiences, the fullest sympathy with his own ideas of character delineation.

Mr. Griffith instinctively knows people, and in the present world-crisis the roar of the cannon has not made him deaf to the cry of a little child, pleading, near by for aid. For him the conflict of nations has not annulled interest in individuals. He has traveled over the world at a time when it requires courage to travel, but on the recent trip he was never so intent upon reaching his destination in safety, that he must needs overlook a frightened fellow passenger to whom the reassuring word meant much.

More than this—throughout the European trip, fraught with many dangers on land and sea, he never lost his sense of humor, and he had it with him that afternoon, following the matinee. A quiet man—given to gazing long into space as if framing to his full satisfaction each mental picture before it is expressed in words—he mused that day, in reminiscent fashion, then laughed softly at the recollection of amusing incidents, which helped over there, to keep men and women sane in the midst of tragedy.

"These English brothers of ours," he said, "are a punctilious lot and it is interesting, sometimes, to see how the early training in their social life follows them even through the first line trenches, coloring much of their hard experience there with the unlaborious polish of the drawing room. "For instance, I have seen Baron Rothschild, now a rugged warrior, crawl from a dug-out and placing a monocle to his eye, look about with the air of one who after tea politely admires the summer garden of his hostess. But the British at the front generally retain their eye-glasses and they are still distinctly English in their customs, notwithstanding that war has brought about many changes in the daily life of women as well as men."

"We all remember the sensation caused in London when Lady Diana Manners began scrubbing floors in one of the army canteens, but it is strictly the fashion now for society women to work. They are doing it cheerfully, too, and doing it well."

"Notwithstanding that Lady Paget has lost one son in the war, and that her other two boys both have been seriously wounded, she was one of the most cheerful Englishwomen I met, and is doing much for the aid of her countrymen at this time of international need. Indeed, English society is not at all gloomy, and one of its chief diversions now is dancing. It is believed that this pastime helps to keep the people's spirits buoyant, and the women who work by day, devote many of their evenings to making these social affairs pleasant for such of the wounded as are sufficiently

convalescent to be there, as well as for active service men temporarily home from the front.

"The Englishman is not in any sense a coward and he is not weakening his powers of resistance in the present war by permitting fear to grip him. I have sat in the Ritz Hotel, London, and seen groups of men and women remain at table during a German air raid that left many dead upon the streets.

"This is done often by society leaders to avert panic in the hotels and other public gathering places, and it has had its effect for good, even though one Englishman of my acquaintance is frankly admitting that his nerve did desert him at the critical moment during a particularly fierce onslaught of the enemy.

"He was entertaining a party of friends at dinner, and just as the soup was served, the whir of a German airplane was heard overhead. The host smiled and began an interesting story. His guests glanced apprehensively towards the window, but tried to vie with their host in bravery and even when shells began to burst in fury about the city they continued to give polite attention.

The man at the head of the table was telling a good story and telling it well, he was also leading in a lively skirmish against the enemy, Fear, and was rather proud of himself, when suddenly it occurred to him, that, although he was going through with the motions of eating, he had not yet tasted the soup. Looking down, he discovered that his "spoon" was a fork. The incident, which proved how far from composed was his thought, brought a more hearty laugh than the story climax could have done and it broke a tension that had become almost too tense for endurance. It may be a sign of bravery to sit through a dinner while German shells burst overhead, but those who do it miss much. I always wanted to see the spectacle provided for our entertainment by the Germans, and could not keep away from the windows.

"I attended one evening social affair in the suburbs of London when the party was broken up by the coming of a German air fleet, and for three hours we watched from a terrace one of the most terrible raids the city has known. There was no danger to us where we were but nobody had the heart to proceed with social gaiety and after watching the raid, we dispersed."

On one occasion, when Mr. Griffith was in London he helped to remove from a school building the bodies of between sixty and seventy children who had perished in a German air raid, but of this he speaks only with reluctance, the experience was too horrible to be recalled with calmness.

According to the author of "Hearts of the World," Paris has taken the war much more seriously than London, and this is but natural, since the Parisians have stood more directly in the path of German destruction.

"It is true," said Mr. Griffith, "that Paris is gay—the city is as light as ever at night, and the theaters are full, but it is Paris without the Parisians. Today the French capitol is filled with adventurers, many of them from South America, who take delight in visiting Paris at this time and it is they who keep things lively. The residents of the city are about their business.

"Most of the women are wearing black, each mourning the loss of one or more men from her family, who has fallen at the front, and so busy is every French woman with her war work that she finds little time for entertainment." The French capital has indeed again shown its capacity to rise level to the heroism of days gone by, the spirit of chivalry.



DAVID WARK GRIFFITH

Cutting 321,000 feet of film to 10,000 feet for "Hearts of the World"

13

EASTER AT MOUNT RUBIDOUX

By L. E. BEHYMER

IN the life of Christ we find three periods, two commemorating past events, and one Easter—exalting the Living Christ; two of them annual festivals, since the Christian era began, and from these three periods have emanated the incentives which have produced the greatest creations of painters, sculptors, composers, writers of prose, poetry and song since the beginning of the world. These periods are first, the birth, second, the crucifixion and last, the resurrection of the Son of God. Christmas and its celebration brought forth the choral spirit—the celestial choir, now living in our Oratories, our carols and the spirit of devotion in the song that breathes “Good Will to Men.” Then the wondrous themes of the crucifixion brought forth the cantatas, symphonies and operas. But to Easter,—living and breathing the living Christ—comes the promise of the future life, the inspiration to those who, on scrolls, canvas, marble and illuminated pages carry this message to the uttermost parts of the world, to all men and women of all nations.

On Easter Day, creeds disappear. He is the world's risen Christ, and whoever has carried his story, like a torch, becomes our torch bearer, and one of the world's beacons is the cross on Mount Rubidoux, where glints first the rays of the morning sun as it reaches the apex of the mountain where the padres first viewed and blessed the vale below. When Jacob Riis, that great lover of men and women, in 1909 first suggested the Easter service on Mount Rubidoux, he knew that hearts were hungry for the spirit of the living Christ, and that this pilgrimage, once established as an annual service, would become a miracle of potency. The sunrise service is a racial expression, as old as the impulse of the heart to find God in nature and in wonder, whether it be the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to Oberammergau, or to Mount Rubidoux. It is the touching of the hands of the multitude—the paean of joy and reverence which strikes a responsive chord—the wonder and joy to feel in unison the majesty and the mystery of the moment, of the living but invisible God.

Easter Sunday at sunrise on the granite side of Rubidoux, 16,000 people awaited the coming of the first rays of dawn which would make the grim dark mountain light up and smile with joy at the coming of the children of all nations, creeds and faiths to unite in the common service and hear the still, small voice of the Eternal. The program arranged on the same general lines of previous seasons, opened at the foot of the Father Serra Cross, with a cornet solo, “The Holy City,” played by Gustav Hilverkus, followed by the anthem, “In the Cross of Christ I Glory,” by the multitude, led by the united singing choirs of the Riverside public schools, directed by Mrs. Cora A. Merry. As the volume of Hosannas pealed forth, the belated motorist miles away heard the strains wafted amid the perfumes of the orange blossoms as if a heavenly host welcomed him to Nature's cathedral to worship. In reverence the people united in the greatest inspired prayer of the ages, The Lord's Prayer, which was led by Rev. John Smith Lowe.

In the past the beautiful voice of Mme. Mariska Aldrich has been heard in concert, opera, for charity, and at the side of the bed of pain; nations have acclaimed her, but never equalled before was the splendid beauty of her voice. Far beyond the multitude assembled, far below the foot of the mountains, the tones pulsated as she poured out her soul in “Hear Ye, Israel” so full of beauty and grandeur of verse, with a setting by a genius of composition. Thus prepared were the people for a sympathetic responsive reading led by Rev. Harry L. Boardman. Other notable musical numbers were the anthem, “Unfold Ye Portals, Everlasting,” and “Lovely Appear Over the Mountains,” from Gounod's “Redemption,” Mme. Aldrich in the solo parts, the great chorus supporting.

Four years ago when Otis Skinner, writer, actor and student of things worth while, visited this section, he attended sunrise services at Rubidoux,

and when he heard read the wondrous message of Henry Van Dyke, in his poem, “God of the Open Air,” Mr. Skinner said it would be his sacred privilege at some future time to make this pilgrimage and in devotion read to the assembled audience this poetic masterpiece so fitting to the occasion. Mr. Skinner, student of literature, of diction and perfect delivery, may count his rendition Sunday of the tribute to nature, the prayer to the great out-of-doors, his greatest achievement, for his inspiration raised him above himself and gave his message a sublime coloring that all could understand. Again the wondrous beauty of Mme. Aldrich's voice gave forth the gem of oratorio, “Fear Not Ye, O Israel,” fittingly following the ode to Nature. “America” by the audience closed the choral offerings, the benediction pronounced by Rev. John Smith Lowe finishing the most impressive service yet given on Rubidoux.

Many hearts tearfully prayed that the great Spirit of Peace—honorable peace—might be resurrected, and sorrow and strife be driven from the earth. Before the services began, four members of the National Guard stepped forward and stood with an American flag at each corner of the stage,—a fitting tribute to Democracy, for when Jacob Riis first outlined what this Rubidoux service would come to mean, he said “In a Democracy, the people must understand one another. They must get together. If we cannot get together on a spiritual basis, on what basis can it be done?” And then those prophetic words of that great lover—“I see, in the days to

come, annual ceremonial, — festival, pilgrimage, call it what you will — winding its way up the paths, carrying torches, climbing higher and higher toward the cross that crowns its summit, where the bell peals its message of peace and good will to men, and gathering there to sing the songs that go straight to the hearts of men and women. Sentiment? Well, call it so, but do not forget that sentiment is the chord that holds the world together.”

Bishop Conaty, at the ceremony of the dedication of the Serra Cross, said: “And this flag, the Stars and Stripes, cannot persist unless it is accompanied by the spirit typified by this cross.” Easter at Rubidoux is a fundamental service. It will surely take care of itself. It will be a growing thing because it is a living thing.

Frank Miller, the father of Riverside, host of the Glenwood Inn, spirit of progress, has much to do with the perfection of detail which makes this pilgrimage a pleasure and a joy, yes, even a religion. To plan to transport 16,000 people without an accident, to carry to the mountain top piano, music, lights, speakers, stage, a chorus of hundreds, the artists, and to light the paths for autoists, cyclists and foot is a gigantic task. The thoughtfulness, courtesy and devotion of the host, and the people of Riverside, earned the unmeasured gratitude of all assembled. Plans have been drawn, and soon a majestic Greek Theatre, seating 15,000 people, will be constructed with a surrounding rugged rim of rocks, circle above circle, to accommodate as many more—it is only the dawning of the future, the Mecca of Western America to the foot of the Rubidoux Cross.

SUNRISE ON MOUNT RUBIDOUX

Above the peaks in April skies, the dawn of Easter morning
Rose white and still as Peace on Earth, to greet the coming day,
While golden rays of trembling light the mountain slopes adorning
Brushed all the mists and dewy veils with softest touch away.

The sighing winds in chorus faint the rocky hills ascending
Brought message of the passing gloom, the backward steps of night,
And arrowy streams with castanets of rippling currents blending
Saw far upon the summit high a cross that rose in sight.

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

WHO has not sat in a chimney corner on a rainy night, and heard, above the murmur of wind and rain, some patient old voice, touched for a moment with the sweetness of girlhood, relating a story of the days of the Civil War—the bandage-making, the knitting, the nursing, the message-carrying, the dozens of important things that women did at home while the men fought at the front. And half a century hence, the pretty girls whose eyes have grown a little dim these days with unshed tears will tell their grandchildren the same tales—and a newer one. For in the days of the Civil War, women had but little to do with the financial aspects of life; while in these days of the Great World War, women are bearing a large share of the great financial problems which face America. Women have rallied bravely to every cry of help; they have been immensely important factors in every new project that has swept the nation. But the efforts of women have been merged with those of men heretofore, in the majority of the great money drives. Women have done noble work in the Liberty Loan drives, for instance, yet not until this new drive was in preparation were plans made by which the women could get definite credit and separate honors for their Trojan efforts. As in other drives, the committee of three women for each of the 800 precincts of Los Angeles, will be ready to shoulder an immense amount of detail. There are also committees for each unit of the women's organizations. And for each unit a separate record is to be kept, so that the women will have credit for their part in this big undertaking. A new feature is planned—that of interesting the young girls. A committee of three girls, it is hoped, will do their part in every precinct, and if our young society girls do

as splendidly in this as they have done in answering the call for nursing, stenography, and Red Cross work, the government will have cause to congratulate both them and itself. Even the school-girls sets are to be drawn into the work, for the sororities, the church guilds, etc., will each form a separate unit. This will be a new experience for "debs and sub-debs." It is a far different project to go out and beard a man in his office than it is to go down and knit and sew with a circle of friends and acquaintances. To be sure, many of them travel in luxurious limousines, with slant-eyed chauffeurs waiting while they persuade a man already "loaded with bonds" to "come through for fifty more," but nevertheless their selling ability will be just as keenly tested as though the plebian jitney had bumped them downtown. The element of competition will be an ex-

cellent motor force. But best of all will be the deepening of that splendid spirit which dominates so many of the young girls today. While it seems hard that this shadow should fall so blackly across the girlhood of the nation, yet the eagerness, the quick response, with which they heed any cry of need, is a wonderful augury of the future of the American woman, whom critics have sometimes feared were riding America to a Roman fall. It is not easy to sell wares in the open market for girls who have led sheltered and care-free lives, even though their commodities be such excellent

Barbara, who are visiting in Los Angeles. A number of pretty affairs have been given in honor of these visitors from Santa Barbara. Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Earl entertained with a theater party, Mrs. Charles H. Sharpe was hostess at a dinner party at which Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell and Miss Peter were the honored guests, and Mr. Ferdinand Bain of Wilshire boulevard was host at a delightful dinner several evenings ago, a dozen or so others being invited to meet the honored guests. Mrs. Atwater, who has been visiting her father, Mr. Ferdinand Bain, for several weeks, has returned to her home. Just before leaving she was hostess at a charmingly arranged luncheon at the California club, returning some of the courtesies shown her while visiting here. Spring blossoms were prettily arranged in the table decorations and those invited to the affair were Mrs. Charles Sharpe, Mrs. Everett Seaver, Mrs. Jaro Von Schmidt, Mrs. William K. Thompson, Mrs. Edwin T. Earl, Mrs. Harry Lombard, Mrs. West Hughes, Mrs. Frank Thomas, Mrs. Thomas H. Dudley, Mrs. Jack Foster and Mrs. Arthur McFarland.

Mrs. Albert H. Beach has returned to her home in South Kingsley drive, Los Angeles, following a visit in New York, where she was the guest of her daughter and son-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Russell C. Ryan. Mrs. Ryan will be remembered as Miss Bonnie Beach, whose marriage in New York a few weeks ago to Lieutenant Ryan was a surprise to her many friends in Los Angeles.

Another wedding that will be of interest to Los Angeles friends is that of Miss Annie McKay Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Milton Brown of Los Angeles, and Mr. Charles W. McHose. The marriage took place a fortnight ago at St. Agnes' Cathedral in New York and was wit-

nessed by a few friends only. The bride, who has lived in Los Angeles but a year or two, has a host of friends here. She attended the Misses Allen's School for Girls in West Newton, Mass., and later the University of Colorado. Mr. McHose is a Northwestern University man and is manager of the New York district for the Erie City Iron Works of Erie, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. McHose will reside in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sartori left last week for Washington where they plan to pass a month or more.

Mrs. H. C. Timmons of Normandie avenue has as her house guest, Mrs. W. C. Scarritt of Kansas City, Missouri. Many informal courtesies will be extended this attractive visitor during her stay.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Lewis of 1495 West Adams street formally announce the engagement of their



MRS. J. F. WILCOXSON

One of Los Angeles' most attractive buds, who until her marriage in the East this last week, was Miss Rosemary Rollins. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Bowman Rollins

things as Liberty bonds. Many of these girls, poised and gracious in social life, shrink timidly from meeting the public in a business way. But personal inclinations, personal fears, are fast pushed aside, because even the youngsters with Mary Pickford curls have been brushed with the shining wing of Service—that great actuating impulse that moves all womanhood today to do its part.

Mrs. William Brackenridge of Orange Grove avenue, Pasadena, was a recent hostess, entertaining with a tea in honor of her house guest, Mrs. Chester Corey of Boston. Several other courtesies are to be extended this attractive eastern visitor. Captain and Mrs. Charles Harlow entertained with a smart dinner party at the California club a few evenings ago, complimenting Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Caldwell and Miss Peter of Santa

YOUR

Do the play the love mois that, prese

IDLE

Drop blood- a nati eign f of hat lars to mome their nobly the ve

B U

Facts About Third

The campaign will run from April 9th to October 15th, 1918. Payments on Liberty Loan Subscriptions will be made in four equal installments. Initial payment May 9th, 5%; second payment June 13th, 10%; third payment July 18th, 35%; fourth payment October 15th, 40%.

Third Liberty Loan Bonds are tenable 1928, bearing interest at 4½%. Applications must be received by April 9th, 1918. Applications must be accompanied by a sum of 5% of the amount of bonds applied for. Bonds will be in denominations of \$10,000 and \$50,000.

EDING DOLLARS ARE TRAITORS TO THAT FLAG

remember, even from your earliest school days, the parades, the soldiers in uniform, the bands those stirring marches—and then, along came

How it did thrill you ! And how the very that flag filled your heart ; your eyes became you saw visions of glorious things. You loved g ; you would fight to honor it — aye, die to it.

OLLARS ! SHAME !

drop falls blood, human
warm, healthy blood of
unning its course o'er for-
to satisfy the battle lust
Dare you allow your dol-
idle, while even at this
brave American lads offer
as a sacrifice — fighting
reserve for you and for me
ndation of our republic ?

Your nation calls and you must answer.

Idle dollars ! Shame !

Silver, gold—your very possessions, must be loaned—not given—loaned to the safest institution in the world —your own United States.

If in your veins flows true American blood with its right of "do or die," then march your dollars to the nation's call.

LIBERTY BONDS END FIRE THE GUNS OF VICTORY

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100, \$500, \$1,000,

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Barker Bros., House Furnishings, 724-38 So. Broadway.
Collins Millinery, 727 So. Broadway.
Desmond's, Clothier, 553 So. Spring St.
Harry Fink & Co., 635-37 So. Broadway.
Willard H. George, Furrier, 728 W. 7th St.
Gillett, Gibson & Co., Shirt Makers, Title Guarantee Bldg.
Gude's, Footwear, 537-39 So. Broadway.
Harris & Frank, Clothiers, 553 So. Spring St.
Innes Shoe Co., 642 So. Broadway.
Lyon-McKinney-Smith Co., Home Furnishers, 737-41 So. Hill
Mullen & Bluett, Clothing, 6th & Broadway.
Pacific Rubber Co., 433 West Pico St.
Riskin, The Tailor, Title Guarantee Bldg.
Star Engraving Co., 223 East 4th St.



THE WEEK IN SOCIETY

SPRING—especially a California spring—has always been a time when Dan Cupid became so skillful a huntsman that his sharp arrows brought him bag after bag of "big game." For "in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and when the grass is green on the foothills, when daffodils and violets light their little flames in rolling lawns, when blossoming trees and burgeoning nature beckon on all sides their invitations to long automobile jaunts, to picnic luncheons by rocky arroyos, to campfires and dreams in mountain canyons, then the heart of youth turns to the heart of youth. Spring in Los Angeles has always brought forth a host of betrothal announcements—usually with the appendage that "the wedding will take place in June, the month of brides and roses." But in these days it is Uncle Sam who has supplanted the pretty wiles of Cupid, and while these first days of spring have been even more prolific than usual of engagement tales, there is no longer the setting apart of June for weddings. Brides gather their trousseaux in a breathless hurry; are married whenever the bridegroom can coax Uncle Sam for a few days furlough, and go scurrying off to strange new places with soldier husbands to enjoy "week-end honeymoons." Engagements are announced today; weddings follow tomorrow. A notable feature of the engagements and weddings of late has been the extreme youth of the girlish brides—only yesterday they were little lassies whose glossy hair had not yet been taken out of its pigtail. For instance, there is the betrothal of Miss Rosemary Corson Rollins, the lovely young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Bowman Rollins of Gramercy Drive, to J. F. Wilcoxson of Carrollton, Mo. The engagement has existed for some time, but because of Miss Rollins' youth, the marriage was placed at a distant date. But Uncle Sam came forward, and his influence has aided the young people in getting parental consent to their wedding. Mr. Wilcoxson has a government position in Washington, and such positions are uncertain in these days. Therefore, Mr. and Mrs. Rollins have gone to New York, where Miss Rollins is in school, and by the time *The Graphic* is off the press, the young bride-elect will have joined the ranks of matrons. She will finish her school course, and will join her husband in Washington in June. Another engagement, whose termination in marriage will depend upon the plans of Uncle Sam is that of Miss Georgiana Drummond and Ensign Francis Shaw Baer. This is a betrothal of widespread interest, as both Miss Drummond and Ensign Baer are social figures in Los Angeles, Pasadena and Santa Barbara society. Miss Drummond is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison I. Drummond of New York, Pasadena, and Santa Barbara, while Ensign Baer is the son of Dr. and Mrs. John Willis Baer. Dr. Baer, formerly president of Occidental College, is now in the banking business in Pasadena. Ensign Baer is stationed at the Naval Reserve Station at San Pedro, as aide to Captain Cantwell, and the date of the marriage will depend upon his orders.

Of much interest also to local society and Pasadena is the announcement of the betrothal of Miss Frances Isabel Richards, daughter of Mrs. Charles Richards of West Adams street to Mr. Victor Ford Collins, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. C. Collins of Pasadena. Miss Richards, who is a typical outdoor girl, fond of golf and all out-of-door

sports, is a graduate of Marlborough school. She has traveled extensively and is well known in the social circles at Coronado as well as in Los Angeles. Mr. Collins, who is a graduate of the University of California, is one of the promising young attorneys of Los Angeles. The wedding will be one of the events of the early summer.

Miss Beatrice Finlayson, only daughter of Judge and Mrs. Frank G. Finlayson of 500 South Gramercy place, became the bride of Mr. Charles Forve, son of Mr. Philip Forve of 427 South West-

bouquet of white orchids. Judge Finlayson gave his daughter in marriage. Miss Mary Forve, sister of the bridegroom, was maid of honor and was charming in her frock of orchid colored organdie, with picture hat and carrying a bouquet of spring flowers and orchids. Mr. Philip Forve, Jr., served his brother as best man. The bride is a graduate of Marlborough school in Los Angeles and a member of the Phi Delta Chi Sorority, which has devoted itself so intensively to Red Cross work since the declaration of war. Mr. Forve is a graduate of Yale and is in business at Wilkesbarre, Pa. Following the ceremony Mr. Forve and his bride left for a honeymoon trip and after a brief tour of Southern California will leave for Wilkesbarre where they will make their home.

Another wedding which is of great interest to many society folk of Los Angeles is that of Miss Celeste Dorr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Dorr of Denver, and Lieutenant John L. Garner, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Lake Garner of West Adams street, Los Angeles. The marriage was celebrated at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. W. H. Hayes of Wabon, Mass., just out of Boston, Thursday, April 4. Mrs. Kenneth Grant, formerly Miss Janette Garner, whose husband, Captain Grant of the Signal Corps, is stationed at Langley Field, Virginia, was matron of honor. Lieutenant Garner is instructor in the Marine Corps, stationed at Quantico, Virginia, and the young couple will make their home at Fredericksburg, Virginia, until the young lieutenant goes overseas. The bride visited in Los Angeles a guest at the home of Miss Marion Wigmore a year or so ago and it was during her visit that she met Mr. Garner, who is a member of the University Club, and who was one of the younger members of the Bachelors' club, whose ranks are fast diminishing.

Particularly pretty, although most simple, was the wedding, Friday evening, March 29, of Mr. William Moore Walker, son of Dr. and Mrs. Hugh K. Walker of 2663 Menlo avenue, and Miss Mary Gertrude Fraser of Canada. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Fraser, and has been passing the winter in Los Angeles with friends. Mr. Walker is manager of the Maryland Fidelity and Deposit Company, and is a graduate of Stanford University, also a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity. The marriage took place at the home of the bridegroom's parents, in Menlo avenue, with the Rev. Dr. Walker officiating in the presence of the immediate family and a few close friends. Mr. and Mrs. Walker left for a honeymoon trip to San Francisco, and later will be at home to their friends at 1889 West Twenty-second street.

Mrs. Charles C. Park of Montecito, who has been in France with her husband and two daughters, Miss Nancy and Miss Elizabeth Park, doing Y. M. C. A. canteen work, has arrived home for a respite from the arduous duties of war work, for an indefinite stay. Only recently was the engagement of Miss Nancy Park and Mr. Herbert de Bau announced. Mr. de Bau is well known in Santa Barbara society and more definite news of Miss Park's betrothal and approaching marriage will doubtless be told soon after the arrival of Mrs. Park, mother of the bride-elect. Other news from Santa Barbara includes the dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Oakleigh Thorne, in honor of Sir John and Lady Barton. Invited to meet the guests of honor were Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Rives, Mr. and Mrs. J.

(Continued on Page 26)



MRS. AUSTIN SANDS.

Formerly Marianna Fullam, elder daughter of Rear Admiral and Mrs. William F. Fullam, who with her small son Frederick Sands, is passing the season at Hotel del Coronado with her parents.

lake avenue, Tuesday afternoon, April 2. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Francis J. Conaty of the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, in the presence of members of the two families and a few other very close friends and relatives. Extreme simplicity marked every appointment of the wedding, which was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents. Easter lilies, peach-blossoms and ferns, artistically arranged, were used in the decorations of the rooms. The bride, who is an attractive girl of the brunette type, was unusually pretty in her bridal gown of white embroidered satin, made en traine and trimmed in seed pearls, her long veil being caught to her head with orange blossoms, and she carried a

A GLIMPSE OF MEMORY LAND

By ANGELUS AYERES

BUSY as a great bee hive and arranging the happiest sort of a re-teeming with interest for any patriotic visitor, is the American Red Cross Headquarters, Main and Tenth Streets. Dropping in for a moment, the other day, I encountered a man drawing two large carts, each piled high with knitted garments for boys at the front. Mrs. Clinton N. Sterry has been superintending this branch of the work and the results are marvelous. Young girls, who were the country not at war, would be planning for their debutante receptions, were bending seriously over half-formed surgical bandages, or darting about doing errands and otherwise assisting their elders in the great war service being accomplished there. Roy Jones and Walter Leeds were both on the floor, and it is noteworthy that men who must remain at home while their sons or brothers go to the front, are willing to accept any service useful to their country at this time of need.

Contrasting strongly in the volume of work done, and yet resembling it in the matter of enthusiasm, this present day Red Cross headquarters brought vividly to memory, an organization of the kind, formed in Los Angeles as long ago as the spring of 1898. In view of the vast sums poured into the Red Cross relief coffers at the present day, it is interesting to note that this 1898 organization was ready to make its first very satisfactory report when its membership numbered 100 and it had been able to raise \$200 for the relief of soldiers. If the sum was less, however, the need, imperative as it was, was by no means so great and far reaching as that of today, while the Los Angeles of twenty years ago had neither so large nor so wealthy a population as now.

I remember that Mrs. J. M. Griffith was president of that early Red Cross, while its vice president was Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance, and Mrs. D. G. Stephens, its second vice president. Could anybody who has lived in Los Angeles for twenty years disassociate the name of Mrs. Stephens from local activities in connection with the Philippine war? Certainly this would be impossible to a survivor of the old Seventh Regiment, forever famous as having suffered long from hope deferred.

There were, as Angelinos well know, no cowards in the Seventh. Its members represented the flower of our youth. There was patriotism, enthusiasm and the ability to make good. impatiently the boys awaited the order to move, but that order never came.

Meanwhile the Los Angeles boys waited, and some of them died. That is why we have in Central Park today, a monument commemorating the sacrifice which these latter made on the altar of their country, although this sacrifice was made in a bleak, wind-swept camp and not on the battlefield. Most of the boys, however, came home, and it was planned to welcome them, after their months of absence, with every show of appreciation. Women who had been busy with Red Cross work now turned their attention to

arranging the happiest sort of a reception for the regiment. When the train pulled in at the old San Fernando street station, there was ready for them there, a steaming hot dinner, with their mothers, sisters, and sweethearts to do the serving, and Mrs. D. G. Stephens had been placed in supreme charge of this part in the wel-

come. Notwithstanding that the train was hours late, the dinner had been kept just right for serving; every woman was in her appointed place, and if the boys left San Francisco with any misgivings lest their return, without having seen service, would be less than welcome, that idea was quickly forgotten in the ovation which they received.

Speaking about the lateness of the train, by the way, reminds me that this delay caused all kinds of consternation in two evening newspaper offices, and there has always been some mystery concerning the fact that one chronicled in full the thrilling arrival of the Seventh Regiment train, while the other, having waited until the last possible minute, was obliged to go to press without the coveted story.

Here, after twenty years, is the secret. While several men from each publication were pacing the platform impatiently, a young woman writer, newly identified with one of the papers, sat in a far corner of the depot, drawing upon her imagination and writing a thrilling story in which was pictured the coming of the train—the thunder of wheels; the scream of the whistle; the clouds of smoke, and finally the outpouring of the boys in uniform, who next instant found themselves in the arms of relatives and sweethearts. At that particular hour the story of course, was not news, but it was a brilliant narrative nevertheless and showed some creative ability on the part of the writer.

Its composition had carried her far beyond the realm of the real, so that she was visibly startled when a frantic reporter from her paper rushed up with, "In heavens name, what are you writing so calmly? I'm going in. It's now fifteen minutes to press time and there's no use waiting."

The girl held out her paper and the man reporter began to read. Two lines had been scanned when he hastily possessed himself of the entire "story" and crying "Wonderful, you have saved our lives," he was gone. The girl wasn't yet used to daily newspaper work, and between wondering if he had lost his mind, and what in the name of common sense he intended doing with her little flight of fancy, she had no time to be weary with waiting for the train. It came by and by, and everything turned out practically as foretold in her story.

When she reached the office, the papers were already on the street, and wonder of wonders, the article, spread quite over the first page, and printed in large type, was her own! That was her initial first page article, and every man in the office "took off his hat to her," while the paper's contemporary wondered at the "scoop."

Society's Photographer

PHONE 52676

G. EDWIN WILLIAMS

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The sketch portrays one of many types of flower baskets—fancifully decorative—and ideal for home-beautification.

The business reputation of this house rests upon a half century of *real* service.

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SOME RECENT BOOKS

By JO NEELY

"The human mind, under vexation, is apt to prey upon its self, unless drawn off by a new object; and there is none better for the purpose than a book. Many, many a dreary weary hour have I got over—many a gloomy misgiving postponed—many a mental or bodily annoyance forgotten, by help of the tragedies and comedies of our dramatists and novelists!"

WHAT a great added interest just a spice of mystery, even a bit of uncertainty, does lend to people; particularly if they are of the world who do things! Yea, verily, the "charm of the unknown," be it a force or a frailty, is almost a universal human characteristic, and the fact that the general novel reading world has never been able to put an especially definite finger on Bettina Von Hutton as a person may have been one cause of the great popularity of her books, and the real delight with which each new one is hailed.

I am sure that because once on a time she did take unto herself a baron for a husband, the readers of romance have pictured her born in a royal palace, and always garbed in purple and fine linens, whereas she is, (as her extreme cleverness should prove), a born American. She has been a veritable globe trotter during most of her life, though her home for many years has been in England, and it is there that the scenes of most of her books have been laid. She has always written with spirit and charm, and a frank fearlessness. Indeed, her first child, "Pam," and also its sequel, "Pam Decides," though they would be smiled at as most tame and innoxious in these days of daring Drieserism, were considered highly improper novelistic productions. Eyebrows were wont to be quite raised at the mention of them, but they were read and read again, as were also "My Lady of the Beeches," (a memorably charming Summer idyl), "Sharrow," and in fact, most things from her facile pen. Her last book, "The Bag of Saffron," but recently off the press, is a longer novel than Baroness Von Hutton usually writes, and is crowded with a great variety of characters, most of them drawn with interest and clarity, and rather unusual action. The bag of saffron is an heirloom, being a bag of wrought gold enmeshed with jewels, and filled with saffron leaves, and given by the eldest son of each generation of a noted family to the one woman in the world. This was a pretty fancy and all went well until one of the eldest sons, not confining his affections to one, causes rather a confusing state of affairs in regard to this sacred symbol of romance, and the developments are fast and furious. There are fine points in the story, the descriptions are full of color and the novel will please. "The Bag of Saffron." D. Appleton & Co.

FRANK HARRIS has just published a second edition of his biography of Oscar Wilde, entitled *Oscar Wilde; His Life and Confessions*. This book, a popular edition of the original work, contains an additional commentary by George Bernard Shaw. Of course anything from the pen of G. B. S. is an event in the literary world, but his letter entitled, *Memories of Oscar Wilde*—adds little or nothing to Frank Harris' book. In fact it seems to me, in spite of Shavian wit and the general excellence of Shavian criticism, that the letter detracts from the biography.

Most of those who are in a position to know, tell us that the Harris biography is the best which has yet appeared, and to my way of thinking this distinction is thoroughly merited. Although the book is not intended for narrow-minded persons, and it will shock them considerably—it is the most far-seeing and most charitable portrayal of Wilde which has yet appeared. Mr. Harris has that type of human charity which Hood mentions in his poem to the lady who killed herself damply. Without condoning in any way the sin which brought to Wilde two years of Hell, he does not condemn the sinner. His attitude is much the same as that of Christ toward the woman who was taken in adultery. One is continually reading between the lines: "Thy sins be forgiven thee, go and sin no more." Mr. Justice Wills punished to the best of an ability which was prejudiced, and although he kept within the letter of the law, the spirit of the law escaped him utterly.

Mr. Harris establishes beyond question that the case was grossly mismanaged. Contrary to public opinion, he clearly gives us to understand that Wilde was led by Douglas, and was by far the weaker of the two. As penalty for his crime, Wilde paid the price that the normal (self-styled) demand of the abnormal and his punishment was a pound of prevention, when an ounce of cure was needed.

The book is superbly written, amazingly outspoken and most courageous. As time goes on and succeeding generations become more charitable, it will have much to do with turning men from Wilde the man toward Wilde the artist. It is a profound study of one of the least understood of geniuses. On the other hand, Shaw's commentary is superficial, but clever. In justice to Bernard Shaw it is only fair to add that he knew Wilde but slightly, while Frank Harris, on the other hand, knew him exceedingly well. Wilde was singularly fortunate in having a small coterie of friends who stood by him after the débâcle, and by no means the least of these was Harris.

It will be interesting to watch the effect of this work upon public opinion. If read intelligently and in fairness, it should do much to stay man's inhumanity toward man. It should bring back to the wittiest playwright since Congreve, the place which he forfeited through a mode of conduct which brought ruin to his career. However, I fear that the

present generation is still too prejudiced to read the book intelligently. We have still to learn the difference between condoning a sin and forgiving a sinner.

Mr. Harris betrays one weakness. Although tolerant of sins of the flesh, he is intolerant of sins of the spirit. The tolerant man must learn to be tolerant of even intolerance, and Mr. Harris is far from having learned this lesson yet. He pours the vials of his wrath upon the head of Mr. Justice Wills, not stopping to realize that if we are to be tolerant of the Wildes of this world, we must also be tolerant of the Willses.

Wilde's letter to Lord Alfred Douglas (published in the appendix of the biography) should satisfy the most virulent of his defamers as to which one of the two was the most culpable. Had the world been less hysterical, the paying of the penalty might have prevented Wilde's undergoing that pitiful last phase at Paris, which would have been even more appalling than it actually was, but for the faithful few who remained to him.

Frank Harris has the happy faculty of shedding great light upon his contemporaries, and due to his skill, Jimmy Whistler and Alfred Douglas appear in a new guise. We must love Whistler in spite of his absurdities; but no love need be wasted upon Douglas. His was a sorry part in the tragedy staged in Old Bailey and which:

"Broke the crystal of a poet's heart,
That small and sickly eyes might glare and gloat."

Geniuses must never be judged by mediocrities and if anybody in the world can show the reason why, that body is Frank Harris. Today in New York there is a great genius, whose lofty mind could be occupied with beautiful things all of the time. But this man elects to go to the night court where the poor, dehumanized derelicts of the world are incompetently judged by the Mr. Justice Willses of civilization. He helps the erring ones, paying a fine here and giving a word of encouragement there. This man, Frank Harris, is thoroughly misunderstood and the least deserving of such misunderstanding. He tells us that his journey is nearly over and the port in sight. He will have nothing to fear when he meets his "pilot face to face." W. V. W.

THOSE who believe with Hamlet that "the play's the thing" to uncover the human heart, will welcome an appreciation of French society based on the plays of Eugene Brieux. The study has been evidently a labor of love with Professor Scheffley, for he takes up the several points lucidly, and with a sufficient background of acquaintance with the general theme. Brieux is unfortunately best known to American playgoers by one of his dramas, by no means the best, which takes up an unpleasant subject; his "Damaged Goods" is thoroughly pathological in its treatment. Now a man of sixty, Brieux has been a playwright for forty years. He was born poor, the son of an artisan, and is entirely a self-made man. His method is

(Continued on page 26)



BETTINA VON HUTTON
Author of "The Bag of Saffron"

WOMENS' CLUBS

WITH the eyes of the administration and the nation at large fixed on California women to determine the quality of their citizenship through the Liberty loan campaign, Mrs. Edward Rankin Brainerd, one of Los Angeles' most prominent club women, will lead them all to the records they are to make. Mrs. Brainerd is state chairman of the women's loan committee and her word is law from the northern to the southern end of California on how the women shall work. Upon her judgment and ability depends the manner in which they shall equip themselves. Just how much faith Washington has in her ability as a leader, was demonstrated when a Democratic admin-

club women. She knows it without the bias of personal ambition as was proved when, a year ago, she was defeated for the presidency of the Friday Morning Club. "If the presidency of the club is not the work for me," she was accustomed to say before the election, "I won't get it." And when she did not get it she said, "Well, you see, that is not my work." And this quality of gameness goes into every task she undertakes. As president of the Woman's City Club she made a record for herself, keeping, at considerable political cost, the club free from obtrusive outside party politics.

Mrs. Brainerd is now the president of the Civil Service of Los Angeles and through this position, as well as through the Big Sisterhood which she



G. Edwin Williams

MRS. EDWARD RANKIN BRAINERD
State Chairman, Womens' Liberty Loan Committee

istration appointed her to the position organized, she has a large following of leader of California women. For of women not affiliated with the clubs. Mrs. Brainerd is—or was—a staunch Republican. If the day ever comes when there is no more war she will be a Republican again. But just at present Mrs. Brainerd knows no political parties, no partisan interests. She is just American, and Washington's recognition of this patriotism of hers was a fine compliment. An unusual one, too, for she was the only Republican in the country appointed.

There is no woman who knows other women better than Mrs. Brainerd. She knows, to the smallest detail, the organization of the women's clubs throughout the state, and understands the policies, politics and psychology of

of women not affiliated with the clubs. In the suffrage campaign of this state there was no more indefatigable worker than Mrs. Brainerd, and, like all California women engaged in that campaign, she gathered an extensive knowledge of state-wide movements. In the present campaign of floating the Liberty loan, Mrs. Brainerd demonstrates an amazing energy and executive ability. While her headquarters are at the Alexandria hotel in this city, yet she is all over the state all the time, one day in Bakersfield helping the women workers there, the next day in Imperial winning the women to an enthusiastic support of the loans

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MOTOR NOTES

By H. M. BUNCE

BEFORE the dry ordinance went into effect, more than one car owner laid in a supply against the time when on trips a drop of the crater hits the right spot. As there are a few wet spots remaining near Los Angeles, we fancy the "lil old bottle" will continue for a while to be part of the fisherman's equipment.

IN London recent regulations, under the Defense of the Realms Act, prohibit the use of gasoline for pleasure purposes, while the allowances for commercial vehicles are strictly regulated. For automobiles used for business purposes the allowance does not exceed ten gallons per month. For a fact, in the light of such conditions in Great Britain, the Southland little appreciates what the awful struggle means.

LOCAL dealers generally view with a fair amount of optimism, the car situation as it appears according to latest reports from Detroit. There is less shortage of raw material. What seems to be needed now as far as the Pacific Coast is concerned, is more freight cars of any description.

THE season for cross-country touring seems close at hand, with the announcement by the touring bureau of the Automobile Club of Southern California that the National Old Trails highway is now open between Los Angeles and Kansas City, as well as Colorado points. It is pointed out that road conditions over this highway should improve from this date on. The only hindrances from weather are possible rains in Northern Arizona and in Kansas.

ALTHOUGH the Ridge route is passable, a very difficult five-mile detour at this end which requires low gear work, makes Bouquet canyon more desirable for motorists traveling the Inland way between Los Angeles and northern points. The detour on the Ridge is steep and narrow—so narrow that it is only by squeezing that one car may pass another. Bouquet is dressed in its fresh spring raiment and motor parties are now going there for a day's outing. Roads that were impaired by the rains are generally in good condition, and one may now motor in almost every direction from Los Angeles without hindrance.



A PICTURESQUE BIT OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
Found on the Torrey Pine grade and easily accessible with a Jordan—and others

As the summer season advances, shipments of autos on flat cars may be made with little fear of injuring materially the finish. Anyway, in the light of the reduced output, buyers will be glad to secure cars under almost any conditions that some time ago would not have even been thought of.

THREE is little change in the regulations of 1918 recently issued by the Department of Interior and which govern the movement of automobiles in the Yosemite. The new rules permit motorcycles to enter the park, which has never been done before.

IT may not have been generally known, but it is a fact nevertheless, that our own Barney Oldfield, head of the Oldfield Tire Company of this city, helped boost Henry Ford to fame and wealth. Ford built Barney's first racing car, the famous "999," and at that time, according to the veteran driver, Ford was but little known and had no funds to speak of. Through Oldfield's daredevil driving exploits, the fame of Ford was spread far and wide. Frank Chance is associated financially with Oldfield in the tire enterprise.

I. D. ALLEN, head of the California Motor Sales Company, of San Francisco and Los Angeles, fast becoming one of the largest motor car distributors on the Coast, is in Los Angeles. Although making his headquarters in the Bay City, Allen admits that he finds frequent excuse to visit the Southland.

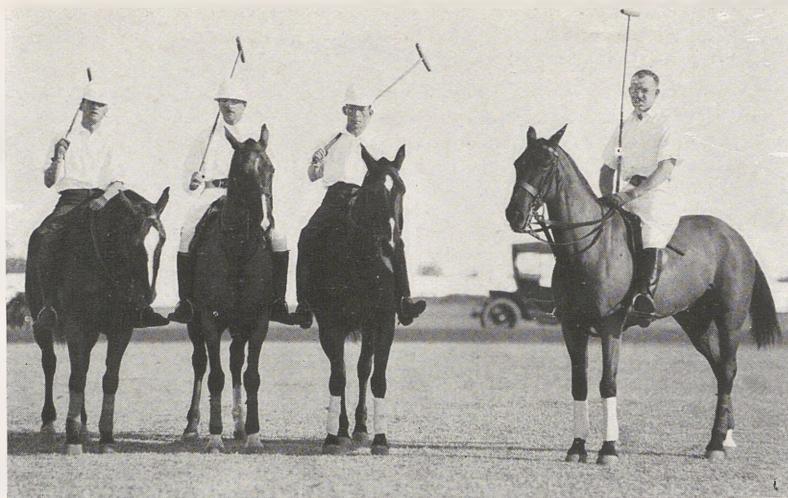
JOHN DE PALMA, brother of the noted race driver, Ralph, is once more in Los Angeles, and this time for good, he hopes. John DePalma is financially interested in a new glareless lens, and writes that he has secured permit of its manufacture here. Many speed fans will probably remember him, as he was mechanician for his brother in many races in which he was entered. Upon his arrival from New York he said with that slight Italian accent: "There may be more money there but there are more roses here."

IN the third Liberty Loan drive the automobile is performing important functions in all parts of the land. Thousands upon thousands of workers are being carried from point to point by this time-saving vehicle. In consequence a great field is being covered in a given time that would not be possible otherwise. Who said the automobile was a "pleasure vehicle?"

WITH other business men of Los Angeles, distributors of automobiles and accessories are taking an important part in the Liberty Loan drive that is now in full swing. While the drive is in progress, they have separated themselves entirely from their business, and are concentrating their best efforts to go "over the top" in a manner that will tell the United States is coming stronger every day the war continues. The number devoted to the work is commensurate with the important place the industry holds in the nation.

POLO AT CORONADO

By JUANA NEAL LEVY



Left to right—Capt. Robert Gilpin Ervin, Major William C. Devereux, Brig. Gen. Leroy S. Lyon, Major Archibald Johnson

WHILE war conditions have made Polo almost out of the question this season, still the encampment of the 40th Division at Camp Kearny, has amongst its officers a number of old polo "stars" who find time when "off duty" to run over to the Coronado Country Club every Sunday afternoon when the weather permits for several periods of Polo, meeting as their opponents a number of British officers who are here instructing in trench warfare.

There have been several rousing good games this season, one of which was captained on the "Army" side by Brigadier General Leroy A. Lyon, of the 144th California Field Artillery, otherwise known as the famous "Grizzlies," who had on his team Major William G. Devereux, and Major Archibald Johnson also of the Grizzlies, and Capt. Robert Gilpin Ervin of the 21st Infantry; while on the other side Major Colin G. Ross was captain with Lieut. Harry Hastings, and Lieut. Lawrence B. McCreery of the "Grizzlies" and Capt. R. A. Banon of the 60th Kings Rifles, English Army.

Another game which was of much interest to the immense "gallery" which rooted and cheered ferociously was that of the "Grizzlies" and "Allies," the former Captained by Brig. Gen. Lyon, the team including Major Devereux, Capt. Ervin and Lieut. Hastings, while the "Allies," with Major Ross captain, included Capt. Banon, and Lieuts. McCreery and Will Tevis. The score closed with a total of $3\frac{1}{2}$ for the "Grizzlies" against $2\frac{1}{2}$ for the "Allies."

The remarkable dash down field of Lieut. Hastings in the last period, which tied the score and repeated several seconds later making the count of 4 points, forty seconds before the bell rang closing the game, followed the two goals made by Capt. Ervin in the first and third periods, the Grizzlies losing $\frac{1}{2}$ point by a foul accredited Major Devereux. Major Ross made the only three goals accredited the Allies, $\frac{1}{2}$ point being lost by a foul accredited Lieut. McCreery.

The games were referred by Joseph Kenyon, one of the best authorities on the Coast.

Another interesting game was that which had for its captains two Brigadier Generals of the United States Army, stationed at Camp Kearny, each team having friends in the "gallery" who "rooted" vigorously as the game progressed. A number of splendid mounts were sent over from the remount station at Camp Kearny by Major John R. Valentine, which, with



Left to right—Lieut. Lawrence B. McCreery, Capt. R. A. Banon, Lieut. Harry Hastings, Major Colin G. Ross

the number of privately owned ponies at the Club stables, assured fresh horses in each period for all players. The game took place on Field 2, of the Coronado Country Club, and although this was the first appearance of Brigadier General A. M. Tuthill on this polo field, his team won with a score of 7 to 4 against that of Brig. Gen. Leroy A. Lyon. The former team, wearing "green," consisted of Brig. Gen. Tuthill, Major Ross, Major Hayes and Capt. Robert Gilpin Ervin, while the team of Brig. Gen. Lyon, in "white," included Lieut. Cusack, Lieut. Hastings and Capt. Banon.

Gen. Tuthill made a clever goal in the sixth period besides carrying the ball down the field in the second period for Capt. Ervin to make an easy goal. Major Ross and Lieut. Hastings each made three goals, leading in the scoring, while in the sixth and final periods the "Green" quartette staged a fast and furious rally, Ross, Tuthill and McCreery being accredited with the three goals, the latter player having taken the place of Major Hayes.

General Tuthill seldom missed a stroke and was in the thick of every play, while his opponent, General Lyon, also played well, and although not credited with a score, repeatedly prevented counts for the opposition with good defensive play.

TO MARS

Unchain thy bloody imps of war
For Satan stands behind thee;
Send forth as birds and beasts of prey
Thy devils—well they mind ye.
Fair Peace kneels at thy warrior throne
But little dost thou heed her;
She begs and hungers, starving there
For naught ye give to feed her.
All eyes are turned to the West
And lo! See 'tis the Eagle soars.
Anon there comes another cry,
Midst battle's din the Lion roars.
Belching forth its yellow furies

Now on the East the Dragon creeps.
Oh! fatal day—when worlds will war
The White Dove mourns, and woman weeps.

Anita M. Baldwin, 1900.

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PLAYS AND PLAYERS

CHEATING Cheaters" at the Morosco Theatre is a play which depends upon situations rather than dialogue, on surprises rather than on symmetry. The first act is somewhat unpromising, but the second, third, and fourth acts develop rapidly into melodrama of the Nick Carter type, requiring action, "team work," and skilful character delineation to bring off the play successfully. The story is not at all improbable. "Ferris," the detective, is entirely plausible when one comes to remember the work of McParlan, the famous detective, in his dramatic disbanding of "The Molly Maguires" in Pennsylvania.

The author takes daring liberties with the possible, but, after all, there is nothing so probable as the impossible. The Morosco Company has more opportunities in this play for work as an entire Company than in most of the productions it handles. Five of the cast do exceptionally clever work. Richard Dix as "Steve," James Corrigan as "Antonio Verdi," Miss Bertha Mann as "Nan Carey" (also "Ferris"), Lillian Elliott as Nell Brockton, and Harlan Tucker as "Tom Palmer." Mr. Tucker has the pleasant task of making love to Miss Mann, in addition to his role of the leader of the Palmer gang of "crooks" and he acquires himself admirably. He is both cool and ardent as the occasion demands, and his dual character of villain and lover was most effectively given.

Richard Dix, as "Steve," the tough criminal, again showed his infinite variety and versatility. His make-up was essentially typical, his slouching walk capitally done, and his facial expression and entire conception of the character was a triumph of thoughtful and intuitive intellectuality. Even in the comedy parts of "Steve's" impersonation his work was skilfully shaded, and sharply differentiated from the cruel, ignorant, and murderous tough. Of Mr. Corrigan's "Antonio Verdi," much more than a passing reference is due. It very closely followed, if indeed it did not equal, Mr. Dix's cleverly-drawn role. In accent, gesture, politeness, emotional characteristics, suavity, make-up and voice Mr. Corrigan was the Italian. A very delightful portrayal indeed, and one which added much to the enjoyment of the play. Miss Elliott, as "Nell Brockton" was a real example of a member of "the swell mob," and her acting was without flaw or disappointment in the role. Miss Mann, as "Nan Carey" was very good, but not startling. It seemed a role not quite fitted for her genius—a pearl in the wrong setting. It did not give her scope for the histrionic gifts she possesses, and yet her presentation of the part was pleasing, and, needless to say, charming. The balance of the Company gave excellent support, the "George Brockton" of Joseph Eggenton being especially well played. "Cheating Cheaters" is effectively staged, and has some of the most dramatic situations of unexpectedness ever staged.

MONDAY'S Matinee at The Orpheum April 1st, introduced some vivid vividness in various directions. Regal and Bender do a gymnastic thriller which means a broken neck for one of the performers if the foot-lock is missed, and Leo Beers at the piano just splits a hair twixt the nor' and nor'west side of suggestiveness rampant in his song-recitative of the lover and his lass. J. C. Nugent has a lot of clever stuff in "The Squarer" and is capably supported. Phil Kelly and Signor Giuseppe Galvini (otherwise Joe Galvin) do a turn in which Signor Galvini offers a genuine Roman classic. He looks, acts, walks, talks, gesticulates and smiles exactly like an Italian, and makes all other impersonations of the children of Italy crude in comparison. Gertrude Hoffmann and her

company staged a splendid pageant in the Song of Nations, but their dancing, possibly because of an undue catering to Puritanical notions, was very disappointing. Why will ~~the~~ swathe themselves with so many clothes in depicting Terpsichore? The python was the only member of the company appearing entirely in his own skin. Travelers in Africa speak in glowing terms of beautiful native women clad simply with either a band of copper wire around the left wrist, or a basket of bananas on the head. If refined vaudeville could only give us something like that! The dancing was vastly helped by this subservience to conventionality in the way of a super-abundance of raiment, which naturally impeded the free movements of the limbs. Even in the bathing scene the audience was totally prevented from viewing the bathers in "the altogether" by skin-tight bathing suits. Surely something is due to art, when it comes to dancing, and no genuine Lady Godiva thrills are possible when a dancer is over-burdened with superfluous drapery. The streets, and the ball-rooms of society teach us what can be done in the way of "beauty unadorned," and it is to be trusted that the Hoffmann troupe may find it possible hereafter to be less chary of their charms. As the troupe stays on next week, an improvement may be hoped for in this respect. Kelly and Galvin and Leo Beers also hold over for the week of April 8th, and their work is unique and exceptionally clever.

THE second and last week of the chic Gertrude Hoffmann revue, with Miss Hoffmann herself and her varied and versatile company, will begin at the Orpheum Monday matinee, April 8. The engagement of Miss Hoffmann and her big troupe has been the season's sensation at that theatre—in fact, of Los Angeles—and the many who have been unable to see this eight-act revue will now have an opportunity to try for seats for the second week. Several new acts will come in, notably the return of Sarah Padden, in "The Clod," one of the best of the Washington Square sketches. "The Clod" is remarkable in several ways; it is a tragedy; it portrays a homely, unattractive woman, which is also unusual; its atmosphere is of civil war and hate, and its denouement is a surprise. Miss Padden as the heroine is superb, and her histrionic art in its suppression of power, and the great outburst at the finale, is very unusual. Will Oakland,

whose singing voice is happily combined with dramatic and comedy ability, returns in a new vehicle, "Danny O'Gill, U. S. A." wherein a bit of the old sod is shown, with its people. The Stantons, who laugh and make the world laugh with them, will do it to the Orpheum, and Phina, with her bunch of "picks" will give a smart song and dance act. Leo Beers and Kelley & Galvin will remain from this week.

TWAS said ages and ages ago that to understand everything was to forgive everything. Back in the dear old days of '49 there lived a little miss with a soul of fire, and being originally of doubtful and obscure parentage, the tough-fibred folk of Red Gulch called her "M'Liss," Bret Harte's famed "M'Liss." Mary Pickford is seen as this picturesque little figure this week at the Kinema Theater. In those wild and lawless days, a lass of 14 summers was almost a "grown-up," so one need not feel surprised when "M'Liss" at this tender age makes love to her schoolmaster. Fortunately the school teacher—a role which Tom Meighan essays—is one of those iron characters of early days, and possesses a true New England conscience. From holding up the Slungullion stage with a sling-shot, to sewing pants on a gentle mother hen, or hoaxing the whole town into



SARAH PADDEN AT THE ORPHEUM

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Direction F. W. BLANCHARD

attending her doll's funeral, Mary runs the gamut of downright cussedness. But "Bummer" Smith and the Schoolmaster forgive her always, and so will you who constitute her audience. Such is human nature! But who could help forgiving Mary Pickford?

BRYANT Washburn, undoubtedly one of the most popular light comedians on the screen, is at Miller's theater now in his latest picture, and his first for Pathe, entitled "Twenty One." This is a brand new story from the pen of the great American novelist Geo. Randolph Chester, and it is said to be brimming over with originality, humor and "punch" scenes. Mr. Washburn plays two roles in the picture. In one character he is the mollycoddle son of a millionaire, seemingly afraid of his own shadow, and in the other role he is a touch young prize fighter.

ON Saturday evening, April 20th, in the beautiful amphitheatre of the Park of Redlands, there will be produced under the direction of Lillian Burkhardt Goldsmith, a very beautiful patriotic and symbolic pageant, entitled, "Son of the Red Lands." The pageant will be in three movements. The first covering the World of Fairy and Make Believe. The second, the Legend of the Arrowhead, and the beautiful San Bernardino Valley. The third, A World at Peace and War. The title role will be in the hands of that gifted actress, Miss Theresa Cogswell, who first won fame in Boston, as the Viking Queen in the Harvard prize play. Many women prominent in the civic, club and social life of California will take part in the Redlands production. Mrs. Robert C. Garner, chairman of the Department of Civics of the Federated Clubs of California, Mrs. Carlton Seaver, president for two years of the Ebell Club of Pomona, Mrs. Reginald Knox, Mrs. Clarence Johnson, and Mrs. Florence Schoneman of San Bernardino, are among those already scheduled for roles. Three well known singers from the opera world will lend their voices, and Ontario, Riverside, and many other towns in the Southland will send their representatives. Sixty members of the Glee Club of the University of Redland will carry the tricolor of France, and sing the Marseillaise. Boy Scouts, Jackies, nurses and men and women representing the spirit of service will contribute their share towards making the Redlands pageant one of the most beautiful ever given in the Southland. Miss Mabel Hubbard, one of the most gifted young women in amateur theatricals in California, will portray "Joan of Arc."

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WEEK IN SOCIETY

(Continued from page 15)

daughter, Miss Dorothy Lewis, to Lieutenant Louis M. Hitchcock, U. S. A. Miss Lewis plans to sail May 5 for the Philippines, where the marriage will take place. She will be accompanied by Miss Hazel Hitchcock, who will be maid of honor at the wedding.

RECENT BOOKS

(Continued from page 20)

realistic to the backbone, and he handles what has appealed to him directly at the moment. Among the chapter-headings of this interesting study are "The Relation Between Parents and Children," "Charity, Philanthropy, Industrial Beneficence," "Marriage and the Dowry." Under the last, which touches on a matter where American and French ways differ radically, Professor Scheifley has something encouraging to say: "The European war, which is proving the best matrimonial bureau France has ever had, seems destined to revolutionize French courtship and marriage; for, besides freeing girls from their mothers' apron-strings, it has already demonstrated that women can compete successfully with men in industrial pursuits." These new conditions render feasible the realization of Brieux's program for the independence of women as sketched in *Suzette* and developed in *La Femme Seule*." The book is a credit to the University of Pennsylvania from which it comes.

(Brieux and Contemporary French Society.) By William H. Scheifley. Putnam.)

THAT "All the world loves a lover" admits of no argument, but no less true, and not one whit less important, is the fact that "All small girls love a dolly." By this token *Dolly Days and Dolly Ways*, which is a charming little book comprising a series of episodes of the life and doings of Dolly from her baby days to her wedding. Also there is a Record for the small mother to enter the important events of her young daughter's early life, and in between are Dolly Verses and a Dolly Sleepy Song with real music. It is most attractive from every angle, and will please the small lass beyond expression. There is an introduction by Robert Burdette. (*Dolly Days and Ways*, Paul Elder Co.)

WEEK IN SOCIETY

(Continued from page 18)

Langdon Erving, Mrs. Alexis Stein, Mrs. Thorne Lewis, Mr. Harry L. Brainard and Mr. J. Waldron Gillespie.

Mrs. Florence Colbrook Westmore of Rochester, New York, is the house guest of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. R. M. Maddock of Beverly Hills. Mrs. Westmore is popular socially in her eastern home and besides her social duties has given much of her time to dancing for the Red Cross, being one of the beautiful dancers in the East. Mrs. Westmore is in California for a much needed rest from her strenuous work in the interests of the Red Cross.

Miss Helen Duque of New Hampshire avenue was hostess at the last

Needlework Guild card party, which is a monthly affair, proving quite a success. Several hundred dollars has been gleaned by the younger set in the occasional bridge parties, which serve to break the monotony of the more or less strenuous war work being done by these sub-debs.

These beautiful spring days are already enticing Los Angelans to the nearby pleasure places for week-end trips and a bit of recreation which is so necessary in these strenuous times. Among the Los Angelans who have motored down to Hotel del Coronado within the fortnight were John Percival Hunt, E. H. Hunt and Miss Florence Hunt who had as their guests their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Vail and Miss Dorothy Vail of Plainfield, N. J., who are passing the season in Southern California. Mr. and Mrs. E. Bartlett Shidler of Pasadena, with their very attractive daughter, Miss Frances Lankenheimer, motored down to Hotel del Coronado for the week end. They entertained with an informal dinner party Saturday evening, their guests including Mrs. Louise Emery, Lieut. Lee Prettyman and Lieut. E. S. Greene.

Lieut. and Mrs. Harry Borden (and their adorable child, passed the week end at Hotel del Coronado, coming over from Fort MacArthur. They were accompanied by Lieut. J. M. Seckman, also from Fort MacArthur, and Miss Agnes Braren of Los Angeles. Lieut. and Mrs. John Bowman Cotton have returned from their wedding trip and are domiciled indefinitely at Hotel del Coronado. Mrs. Cotton was formerly Miss Dorothy Davidge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Davidge of Short Hills, N. J., and Lieut. Cotton is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Cotton of Gallup, N. M. The wedding was one of the society events of February 16, taking place at Beverly Hills hotel. A family party was given at Hotel del Coronado Saturday evening, including Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Davidge, Miss Elizabeth Davidge, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Cotton and Lieut. and Mrs. John Bowman Cotton. Other prominent Angelinos who have been at Hotel del Coronado recently include Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Worthington, Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Henderson, Mrs. I. L. Hibbard, Miss Roen, Walter Y. Van Pelt, Mrs. E. B. Smith, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Cline, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Smith, Miss Dorothy Smith, Miss Gladys Smith, and Thomas J. Fleming. Mr. and Mrs.

Edward E. Ayer of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Hunter and Mrs. Charles Hunter of Chicago, with Mrs. Robert E. Hunter of Pasadena, motored down to Hotel del Coronado from Pasadena, for several days visit at the famous watering place.

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AN EASTERN ARTIST
IN CALIFORNIA
(Continued from page 11)

most daring elements in the world, and when these people have their imaginations lighted by genius something big will happen which will tend toward a consummation of beauty of expression such as has not been dreamed of. "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet," though true, is paradoxical, for they have already met in thought, and thought will bring them still more closely together.

The people here are as delightful as their country. Their hospitality is unbounded, and their kindness of the real genuine description. Many interesting things have been done for me, but one of my greatest pleasures during my stay was the privilege—I think I shall say honor—of speaking to a group of little children in a wonderful school for girls in Hollywood. I have spoken to many eminent people and before many critical audiences in my art work, both in my own country and abroad, but I have never been so moved as I was upon this occasion; their interest, their naive appreciation, their intelligent expressions and with all their childish sweetness made a scene, and gave me a pleasurable sensation which will remain with me always as a wonderful memory."

Mr. Howard is a living, breathing embodiment of the fact that artists give that unpurchasable thing—happiness—to others. He colors his phrases; one seems to hear birds in the brake, to see cowslips in the pasture, which follows the garden which he paints. A garden not of Proserpine, but of growing beauty, rife with the color of nature; full of the promise of hope. Some of Mr. Howard's creations are to be found in the beautiful gardens of Mrs. Henry E. Huntington of Pasadena, and he has also designed things both artistic and beautiful for Mrs. J. M. Danziger of Beverly Hills, and Mr. H. C. House of Oak Knoll, and the homes of Mr. George C. Knapp and Mr. Edw. L. Ryeson have various representations of his art. Mr. Howard is at present in Santa Barbara and will also visit San Francisco, but it is his intention to return to the East in the very near future. Let us hope, however, that he will find the lure of our West-land irresistible, and return to us permanently, for we need such personalities as his, and we also need makers of Beauty.

LONELINESS

Among a million people
I walked alone,
Hemmed in by spire and steeple
And walls of stone.

Lonelier than an prairies
Or on the sea,
For neither stars nor fairies
Talked with me.

Marion Francis Brown

FOOTHILLS

Green-girdled in December days
Against the mountain-tops they
climb;
Or follow on through August ways
Grey pilgrims down the road of time.

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NOTES AND HALF-NOTES

By W. FRANCIS GATES

NO better lesson in singing could have been given than the recital of Melba at Trinity auditorium last week. It had a value in this respect that was overlooked by many in the pleasure of hearing her flexible vocalization. She bids fair to be a greater advertisement for correct singing even than Patti, who retired at 62 years of age, having lagged a bit superfluous on the stage. Melba has been singing in opera for thirty-one years and next year will have reached the three score of the three score and ten allotted by the Scriptural authority. Many voices give out at forty or fifty years. They become strident or seemingly affected by the whoop customarily accompanying whooping-cough, tight-throated or strained. And all on account of bad method of vocal instruction and use, or careless physical regime, while Melba is still a living monument to the memory of Mme. Marchesi.

Melba has a beautiful voice; a vocal method of nature, carefully conserved; close attention to every detail of health and strength. These are the essentials which Melba has observed and which have kept her on the concert platform and the operatic stage, not superfluous, but admired and artistically useful.

All this was demonstrated at Melba's recital. Also, her good judgment in not attempting the extremest altitudes or floridities. She chose works which made more of a personal appeal and used little of the distinctly florid song. Possibly there was more of the heart and intellectual element than in former years. Melba introduced a favorite pupil of hers, Stella Power, who proved a pleasing coloratura soprano. The program had the addition of solos by Axel Simonsen, violoncellist, and thus made a larger appeal than if exclusively vocal. Mr. Simonsen played the melodic, and chronic, Boellman Symphonic Variations and a Popper Hungarian Rhapsodie most effectively.

THE symphony program Friday of this week is a Tschaikowsky bill. It may seem short in the stating, offering but three works, but it must be remembered that symphony programs occasionally have but two works and in rare instances, only one. The three on this program cover wide styles. The Fifth Symphony of the Russian master has depth and breadth, one of the most sincere works in the modern repertory. The Rococo Variations played by Axel Simonsen, violoncellist, offer sufficient virtuosity to please those who admire great skill; and the Nutcracker Suite gives a dozen movements of light and whimsical style, each having marked characteristics, some nationalistic, and all orchestrated with that marked sense for contrasted colors which identifies his works. There is no doubt but this will be one of the record audiences of the season.

THE New York criticisms of Charles Wakefield Cadman's new opera were awaited by his many friends with interest. The New York *Times* gave a column to his *Shanewis* the day after the premiere, from which we cull the following sentences:

"The two acts of Cadman's opera earned twenty-one curtain calls, all the singers appearing, joined in the seventh call by Mr. Cadman. The composer received repeated ovations alone and in company with Miss Braslaw. The overture is in sharp contrast with much that is to follow, a tragic overture to a merry scene, with a later intermezzo, light and gay, by way of prelude to a swift, solemn culmination. The double contrast was intentional; it was clever, and worked like yeast in the dough. In mastery of orchestration, Mr. Cadman's music was a surprise to those who knew him

only as a composer of graceful songs.

"His opera proved a succession of constant delights in this respect, but less successful in its treatment of the brief dialogue. A more concise telling of incidents has not been heard or seen in grand opera, so unassuming is Cadman's method and so direct his conclusion."

It might be added that this performance had a decided Los Angeles atmosphere, though the *Times* critic persists in saying that Mr. Cadman's home is in Pittsburgh. There was Cadman, the composer, Mrs. Eberhart, the librettist, who had a curtain call, and who has been living in Hollywood; the scenic designs were furnished by Norman Geddes, who has done a number of *THE GRAPHIC* cover pages and whose scenic designs were highly complimented; Richard Ordynsky, the stage director, formerly of Los Angeles, and Marie Tiffany, a well known local soprano had a minor role. Mrs. Cadman went east for the performance; with two of his aunts and four cousins, the family was well represented, though, as Cadman said, "otherwise there was no *claque*."

APRIL Gamut club dinner was in the nature of a birthday celebration, as it was fourteen years ago that the writer of this notice sent out invitations to the first meeting of the club. The guests on the present occasion offered a long array of interesting people. Among the visitors to Los Angeles were Charles T. Dazey, the author of the popular play, "In Old Kentucky," Mrs. Otis Skinner, Arthur Alexander, of New York, Crawford Anderson, art critic, Capt. Zimmerman, U. S. A., Winnifred Cooley, New York, and Sergt. Doc. Wells, Canadian forces in Europe. Local guests were Dr. and Mrs. Thorner, Olga Grey, Rowena Blincoe, Stella Deshon, Mrs. Norman Robinson, Margaret McKee, Grace Jess, Mrs. Hennion Robinson, Mrs. W. H. Cline, Knight Gale, Willard Huntington Wright and others. The music of the evening came from Arthur Alexander, tenor, Olga Grey, pianist, Stella Deshon, contralto; Mrs. Norman Robinson, contralto, and Margaret McKee, whistler. Several impromptu talks were given, the most interesting being those of Mrs. Skinner, Sergt. Wells, and Mr. Dazey.

THE concert of the Chamber Music Society of San Francisco at Trinity auditorium next Saturday afternoon, without exaggeration, is a rare event in local musical circles, both from the fact of the perfection of the artistic ensemble and from the novelties

on the program. Following the Schuonann quintet for piano and strings there are two numbers never before heard here. The first of these is a quintet for strings and flute, a rare combination having an Easter motto. Debussy, who died two weeks ago, is represented by a string quartet. As nearly all of the Debussy works that have been heard here are for piano or orchestra, this is a welcome opportunity. The Society, composed of Messrs. Persinger, Ford, Firestone, Britt, Ormay and Hecht has made a permanent reputation in San Francisco and is regarded as the leading Chamber music organization west of Chicago.

ONE of the most interesting of American singers is Cecil Fanning, the young baritone who is to present one of his always unusual song programs at Trinity Auditorium, Thursday evening, April 11th. A musical association and collaboration almost unique in the history of the modern concert stage is that of Mr. Fanning and his teacher-accompanist, H. B. Turpin. For sixteen years they have been associated first as teacher and pupil, later as artist and accompanist. Fanning's voice is one of genuinely



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excellent quality, while his dramatic instinct and willingness to devote many hours to research, discovering songs of the long ago and seldom heard, make his song recitals unacknowledged and varied.

The program for his one appearance in Los Angeles is given in detail herewith:

Battle Prayer (Traditional) Air from "Ernani" (Verdi); Cuckoo Song from "Love's Labor Lost," (Dr. Arne); Over Hill, Over Dale, (Midsummer Night's Dream) by Thomas Cook; The Clock, and Edward, by Loewe; Romance and Nuit d'Etoiles (Debussy); A Song to India, (Rimsky-Korsakoff); The Siege of Kazan (from "Boris Godounoff") by Moussorgsky; group of Folk Songs; By the Waters of the Minnetonka (Indian), arr. by Lieurance; Two Sisters of Binnorie, (Scotch) arr. by Stanford; Swing, Low, Sweet Chariot, (Negro), arr. by Burleigh, and The Last Word (English), by Bailey; closing with three poems by Cecil Fanning, sung here for the first time, There's a Bend in the Road, Fulfilment, and Always, music by Mrs. Lucile Crews; Rose of Picardy, (Hayden Wood), and When the Boys Come Home, (Oley Speake).

program will contain generous groups of old Italian, modern French, English and American songs and doubtless Blanchard hall will be filled to hear this artist who is as much a favorite in New York as he is in Los Angeles.

MISS Bertha Fiske has returned from San Francisco, where she gave two performances of Chinese Interpretations and Motifs Moderne at the Players' Club's Little Theater. Miss Fiske's unique work as a "Program Player" presenting dramatic-musical portrayals of unusual character is steadily winning recognition, and while in San Francisco she was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Older of The Bulletin, Mr. Charles Keeler, the Berkeley poet, Professors John Fryer and S. C. Kiang of the University of California, Mrs. Munroe Caroll Emerson and Mrs. Jane Edgerton, the director of Oakland's new Little Theater. Miss Katharine Fiske appeared last week in a half-hour violin recital for the Alhambra High School, assisted by Heinrich Tandler at the piano. These young artists will give one of their interesting "experimental evenings" at their Blanchard Hall Atelier in the near future.



SAN FRANCISCO CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY
At Trinity Auditorium, Saturday Matinee, April 13

MISCHA Elman, the distinguished violinist, is always a welcome visitor in Los Angeles. His concerts at Trinity Auditorium announced for Thursday evening, April 18th and Saturday afternoon, April 20th, are looked forward to with keen anticipation by the musician and layman alike. To each he makes a distinct appeal; his fine phrasing, intelligent interpretations and fine harmonies attract the musician and pupil, while the extraordinarily beautiful tonal quality and lack of mannerisms make him the idol of the general public. He will be accompanied again this season by Philip Gordon, who has now become such an integral part of the Elman programs.

ARTHUR Alexander, a favorite tenor and instrumentalist, formerly organist of Christ Church, is spending a few weeks in Los Angeles and will give a recital at Blanchard hall Thursday evening April 25. Mr. Alexander accompanies himself, a thing on which he lays little stress but which is done in a rarely musicianly way. His

ANNUAL EXHIBITION SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION

THE Annual Exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association opened March 23rd in the Palace of Fine Arts, continuing until May 22nd, Sundays included. It is generally conceded that this is the most interesting and representative exhibition of American work held in San Francisco since the Exposition. Artists from Southern California, Los Angeles, San Diego, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, Monterey, Carmel, as well as from the North and from Kansas, Washington and the adjoining States are represented in this exhibition irrespective of whether or not they are members of the San Francisco Art Association. The whole tone of the collection is distinctly fresh, colorful and vivacious—full of the zest and buoyancy of youth, which is quite as marked in the work of the older men as well as in that of their younger confreres—all of whom seem to be working under the stimulus of the Exposition.

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a large manner
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It's a time to help
Our Government

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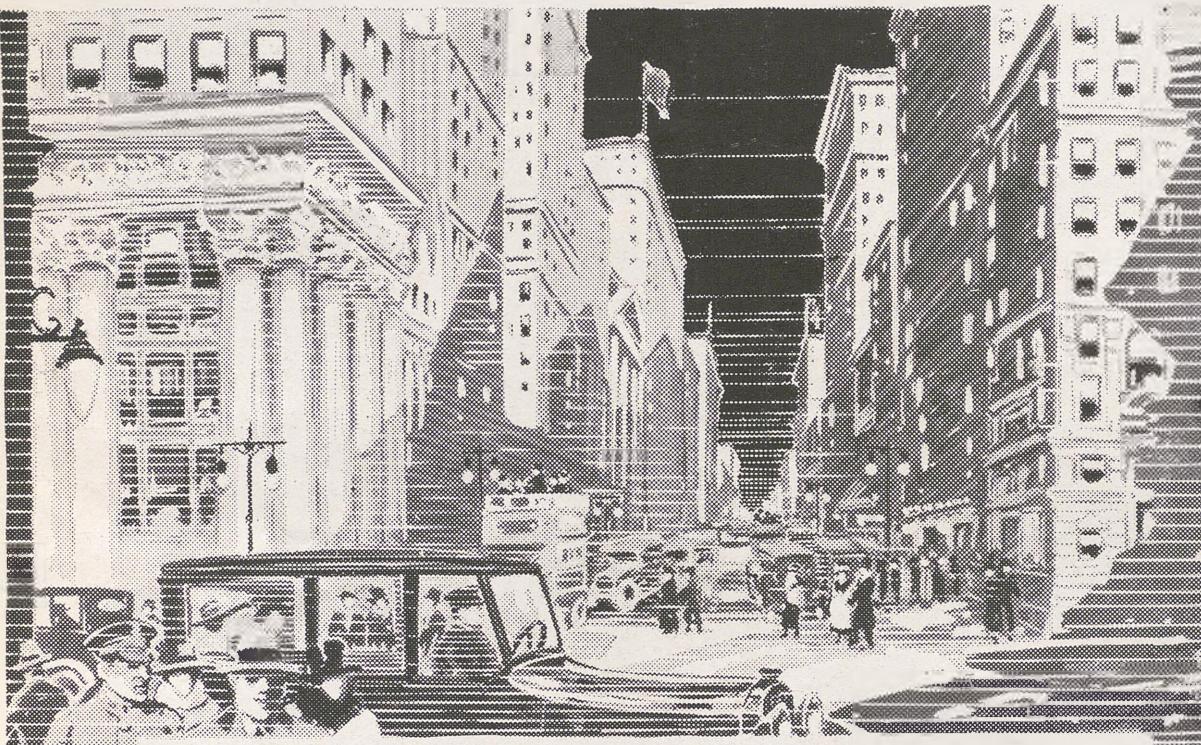
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-why "living trusts" appeal to business men

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SERGEANT FRED (DOC) WELLS,

AND HIS MESSAGE

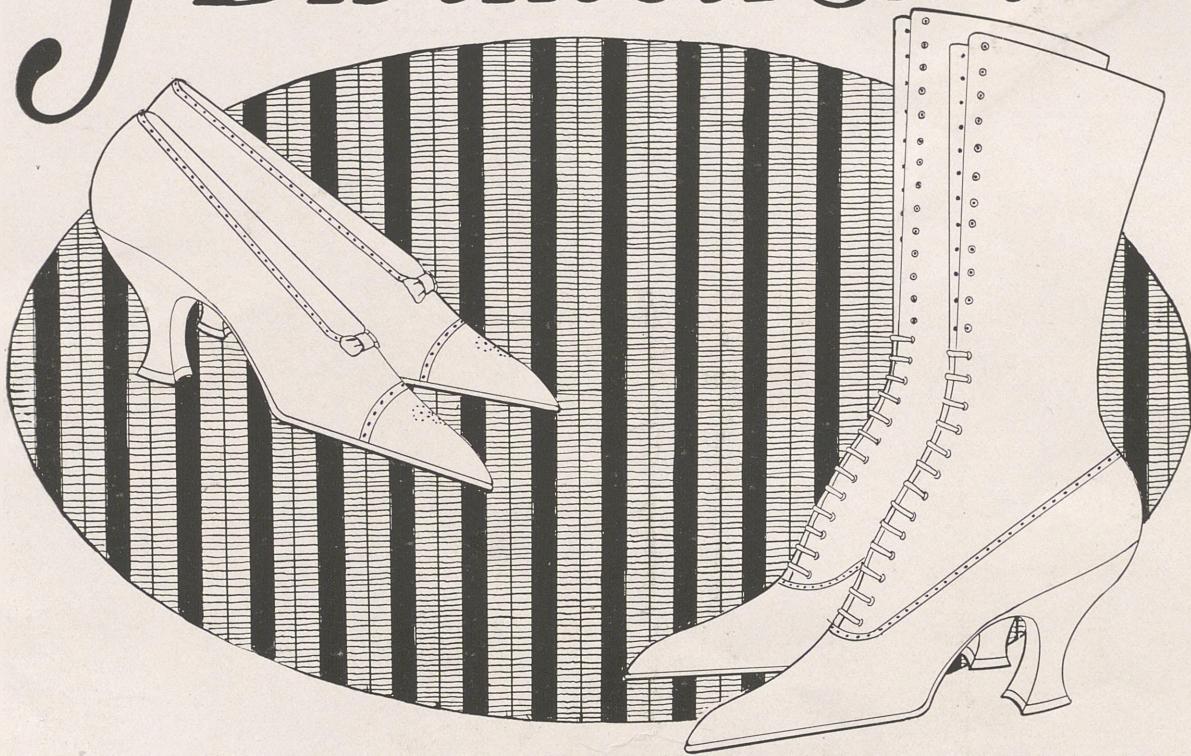
SERGEANT Fred (Doc) Wells, who is touring the Coast cities with war pictures, after a record at the front which includes desperate fighting, numerous wounds, a sojourn in German prison camps, and an empty left sleeve to testify to his services, has a story to tell which few soldiers have lived to narrate. Shattered by almost fatal injuries, he managed to survive them all and reach home again, debarred from any further active duty in the trenches, but not shut out from the vital work of telling us what the war's horrors really are. He is a man of force and mental vigor, and his addresses carry with them the stamp of the sincerity of one who has been through the fiery furnace, and has a thrilling recital of his experiences. The



Sergeant has been credited with raising one hundred and eighty-seven thousand dollars for The Red Cross Society, and his activities in behalf of the men at the front and the men who have returned are myriad in number. These men who have actually faced the German forces and fought hand-to-hand with them are the only men who can tell what Prussian warfare really is like. The Sergeant's manner of speaking is vivid, impetuous and characteristic of the soldier, and his addresses are accompanied by scenes of the war which add startlingly to the unfolding of his personal participation in the actual fighting.

His services as a member of the famous 7th Battalion have been highly commended by General Victor Odlum and other officers who fought by the side of the Sergeant and recognized his value as a soldier. But his empty sleeve is a more eloquent witness of perils endured and sacrifices made. Sergeant Wells has spoken in practically all of the principal Coast cities as well as in a number of the States bordering on the Coast States, and has been listened to with the greatest interest and appreciation. Naturally enough he has aroused the enmity of the slacker, the luke-warm near-patriot, the pro-German, the pacifist, and the Kaiserhof plotters, but the people generally like him all the better for the enemies he has made.

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